Maurice KUHN

LES TEXTES ANGLAIS CHOISIS

POUR LE BREVET SUPÉRIEUR

I. Textes complets prescrits pour l'examen oral

II. Sujets de devoirs pour la préparation aux épreuves écrites

Librairie Delagrave

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PROGRAMMES DE 1920

TEXTES ANGLAIS CHOISIS

POUR LA PRÉPARATION DES ÉPREUVES ÉCRITES ET ORALES

DU

BREVET SUPÉRIEUR

□ Charles et Mary LAMB : The Tempest □
Washington IRVING : Rip van Winkle
Rudyard KIPLING : Namgay Doola
□ Choix de poésies □
Sujets de versions

Avec des notices et des notes

PAR

Maurice KUHN
Professeur à l'École normale d'Instituteurs de la Seine.

CINQUIÈME ÉDITION



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PRÉFACE

Les programmes du 18 août 1920 définissent comme suit l'enseignement des langues vivantes dans les écoles normales, qui sert de base à l'examen du brevet supérieur :

LANGUES VIVANTES.
(2 *heures par semaine dans chaque année.*)

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Lectures et traductions de textes étrangers.

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Note. — L'enseignement tendra essentiellement à mettre l'élève en mesure de lire couramment un texte littéraire de difficulté moyenne. Néanmoins, des exercices de conversation seront pratiqués partout où le permettra l'état de préparation des élèves.

Et la circulaire du 30 septembre 1920, qui justifie et commente ces programmes, ajoute notamment :

Le but de l'enseignement..., c'est la lecture et la traduction, écrite ou orale, de textes faciles. Aucune indication n'est fournie au sujet de ces textes. Les professeurs les choisiront à leur gré, suivant le niveau atteint par les élèves...

Nous nous sommes proposé, dans le petit livre que nous présentons aujourd'hui à nos collègues (et qui comporte *trois ouvrages* de prose, suivis d'une courte anthologie poétique), de leur faciliter ce choix en leur offrant, sous une forme maniable et économique, un recueil de textes intéressants, d'une valeur littéraire reconnue, mais pourtant à la portée de leurs élèves. Ils auront ainsi, nous l'espérons, un commode instrument de travail pour la préparation aux épreuves écrites et orales du brevet supérieur.

En ce qui concerne ces dernières, la circulaire du 17 novembre 1922 a donné les indications suivantes :

Pour l'épreuve de langue étrangère, aucune liste d'auteurs n'est à dresser. Les examinateurs choisiront un texte facile dans un ouvrage, dans une revue, dans un journal ; le texte pourra, si le candidat le désire, être pris dans un des *trois ouvrages* qu'il présentera à la Commission d'examen avant l'épreuve orale dont il s'agit; dans ce cas, l'intéressé aura à fournir ces ouvrages en triple exemplaire.

On ne s'étonnera pas que nous n'ayons eu qu'exceptionnellement recours, dans nos notes, à l'emploi de la langue française. Nous avons voulu garder à notre recueil une apparence aussi anglaise que possible, et laisser au professeur le soin de déterminer les cas où il croira devoir faciliter à ses élèves (qui ne disposeront le jour de l'examen que d'un dictionnaire en langue étrangère) la compréhension du texte par une explication en français. Nous croyons d'ailleurs avoir suffisamment élucidé les principales difficultés de langue et de sens par des explications rédigées en un anglais très simplifié pour que les élèves se trouvent grandement aidés dans l'étude des textes et dans leur traduction.

Les sujets de version réunis à la fin du volume s'ajouteront à ceux qu'on pourra tirer des textes eux-mêmes. Ils ont été donnés aux examens du brevet supérieur ou empruntés par nous à des morceaux d'une difficulté à peu près équivalente.

M. K.

THE TEMPEST

by

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB.

1775-1835.

Charles Lamb's father was a lawyer's clerk and the boy was born in one of the "rows" of the Temple, close to Fleet Street and the City, both of which he always loved dearly. When he was seven years old, he entered Christ's Hospital as a free scholar, and wore for seven years the dress which has never been altered since the foundation of the school in 1553 : a long blue coat, knee breeches and yellow stockings. Coleridge was a Blue Coat boy at the same time as Lamb, and they formed at Christ's Hospital a lasting friendship, which was extended later to Wordsworth, Southey and Walter Scott. But Lamb was too poor to complete his school-course and to follow his friend to Cambridge : he was only fourteen when he had to leave school and take a humble situation in a business office. In 1792, he became an accountant at the India House and remained there for thirty-three years, till he was pensioned off in 1825.



CHARLES LAMB.

Lamb's life was exceptionally — and at times tragic-

ally — sad. His father grew childish in his old age, his mother was an invalid, and the family was entirely dependent on Charles's salary and on whatever his sister Mary (1764-1847) could earn by needlework. The stress and anxiety of the many duties devolving on the latter began to tell upon her reason : in 1796 she stabbed her mother to death in a fit of insanity and was subject to this distressing malady for the rest of her life. Charles Lamb was deeply attached to Mary, who had been like a mother to him when he was a boy; he renounced all hope of marriage, obtained the guardianship of his sister and devoted all his life to the duty of tending her.

Lamb began by writing poems, but he gained his first success in 1807 by a book he had composed with his sister for "the Juvenile Library", viz. the *Tales from Shakespeare :* Mary taking the comedies, Charles the tragedies. The aim of the book was explained in a preface in the following words :

"These tales are meant to be submitted to the young reader as an introduction to the study of Shakespeare, for which purpose his words have been used whenever it seemed possible to bring them in... I have wished to make the book easy reading for young children... It may give them a few hints and little foretastes of the great pleasure which awaits them in their elder years, when they come to the rich treasures from which these small and valueless coins are extracted, pretending to no other merit than as faint and imperfect stamps of Shakespeare's matchless image."

The success of the *Tales* led Charles and Mary to compose other books for children. But the reputation of Lamb as a great writer mainly rests on his *Essays of Elia,* which he began publishing in 1820. They offer a unique combination of light humour and deep feeling and make a friend for Lamb of every one of his readers.

In 1834, Charles Lamb had removed with his sister, whose health was growing gradually worse, to Edmonton, a village near London. One day, while taking his usual walk, he stumbled, fell, was taken ill and died shortly afterwards. His sister, who survived him thirteen years, was buried by his side in the village churchyard

---

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS PLAY OF *THE TEMPEST*.

[It is fitting that a few notes on Shakespeare and his play of *The Tempest* should be prefixed to Charles and Mary Lamb's tale, which they themselves only wrote to serve as an introduction to the "true plays of Shakespeare".


WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

William Shakespeare was born in 1564 at Stratford on Avon. His father, a prosperous burgess, fell into poverty when he was still young, and the boy was withdrawn early from the Free Grammar School of Stratford, where he could learn but "little Latin and less Greek". He seems to have led a wild and passionate life until, at nineteen, he married Ann Hathaway, who was eight years older than himself. Some time afterwards, he left Stratford for London and is said to have begun his connection with the theatre as a horse-holder. But he soon became an actor, a playwright and a part-owner of several theatres. In 1597, he bought a good house at Stratford, where he lived almost continuously until he died in 1616.

His last plays, and *The Tempest* is among them, seem to

have been written about 1610, when the poet, after a rapid literary success and a sad and gloomy maturity, had found calm and domestic peace in his Stratford residence. *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Merchant of Venice* belong to Shakespeare's period of youthful enthusiasm; the great tragedies of *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear* and *Macbeth* to his period of sorrow and disappointment; *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale* to the quiet years he spent in his native town at the end of his life.

This short review of the poet's career explains the real interest of *The Tempest*, which, beyond the drama itself, lies chiefly in the poetical vision of life expressed in it by Prospero, the great enchanter. "It has been suggested that Prospero is Shakespeare himself and that when, at the end of the play, he breaks his staff, drowns his book and dismisses his airy spirits, going back to the duties of his dukedom, Shakespeare was thinking of his own parting from the theatre where his attendant spirits had played their parts, and his return to Stratford" (*Prof. Dowden*). In fact the lines then uttered by Prospero have been carved on the scroll which Shakespeare, as represented at Westminster Abbey, is holding in his hand :

> "Our revels now are ended. These, our actors,
> As I foretold you were all spirits, and
> Are melted into air, into thin air...
> . . . . We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep".

The principal characters in *The Tempest* are :

- PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.
- MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.
- ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
- CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
- ANTONIO, the usurping Duke of Milan, younger brother to Prospero.
- GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
- ALONZO, King of Naples.
- FERDINAND, his son.

The whole action of *The Tempest* is comprised within three hours.]

THE TEMPEST.

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock : it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study. There he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men, and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Syco-

1. *a certain island*. Shakespeare had in mind one of the Bermudas, a group of 300 islands in the Atlantic, near the coast of North America. These islands, then recently discovered, were said to be constantly troubled by storms, and *The Tempest* was written a short time after the wreck, on one of them, of a famous English navigator.
6. *than her father's* (face).
8. *several apartments*, several separate rooms.
9. *study*, a room devoted to studious occupations.
10. *magic*, a noun; originally the science of the Magi or priests of the Persians, now a synonym of sorcery.
11. *much affected*, much liked.
13. *a chance*, an unexpected event. Cp. *by chance*.
14. *a witch*, a *wicked* fairy.

Pronunciation. — *I'sland* (pr. i'land), *inhab'itant, Pros'pero, Miran'da, mag'ic, learn'ed* (sound **ed** in **learned** when an adjective), *knowl'edge* (pr. **noll'edj**).

The **tonic accent** or *stress* is indicated in these notes by a *stress-mark* ('). — This mark is placed immediately after the accented vowel when this vowel is sounded as in the alphabet (or immediately after the accented diphthong when this diphthong is long). In other cases, it is placed after the consonants following the accented vowel or diphthong.

rax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban Prospero found in the woods, a strange mis-shapen thing, far less human in form than an ape : he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful, therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's)

2. *released*, set free.
3. *bodies*, here trunks.
5. *gentle*, good, kind. Cp. *a gentleman, gently*.
7. *Ariel* is defined by Shakespeare as "an airy Spirit". Thence his name.
8. *sprite*, another form of *spirit*.
Ib. mischievous, wicked, causing mischief.
11. *Caliban*, from *cannibal* (Prof. Dowden).
Ib. he owed him a grudge, he had reasons for disliking him. A *grudge*, a dislike.
14. *mis-shapen*, ill-shapen. *Shapen* is an old past participle of *to shape*.
15. *an ape*, a monkey.
21. *laborious*, full of labour, hard.

Pronunciation. — *Syc'orax, rele'ased* (hard s), *impris'oned, wicked* (sound ed), *command', A'riel, mis'chievous, to inher'it, labo'rious.*

would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

*

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father", said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress.

1. *would come*, was in the habit of coming. *Will* and *would* often mark habit. Notice several instances of this idiom in the same paragraph.
2. *tumble him down in the mire*, make him fall down in the mud.
3. *in the likeness of*, with the appearance of.
Ib. to make mouths at (somebody), to make faces at.
5. *a hedgehog* (Fch. hérisson), a small quadruped with a prickly back, so called because it lives in *hedges* and resembles a *hog* or pig.
6. *quill*, a pen, thence anything long and pointed.
7. *such-like*, similar.
10. *commanded him. To command* (and *to order*) are transitive.
12. *by their means*, by their help.
14. *midst*, middle. Cp. *amidst* and *amid*, which both mean *in the middle*.
16. *every moment*, for *at every moment*.
20. *have pity on*, take pity *on*. Notice the use of *on* in these two expressions.

Pronunciation. — *Vari'ety, vi'olent, distress'.*

See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

1. *Dashed to pieces*, broken into pieces by being thrown with violence.

5. *her*, the ship. Names of vessels are usually feminine. (Note an exception above, p. 13, line 16.)

6. *amazed*, from *to amaze*, to put the mind in a *maze*, to trouble, to confound.

7. *I have so ordered it*, I have ordered it (everything) so that; *to order*, to arrange, to command.

17. *By what?* What can you remember that time by? By a house, a person?

20. *once*, at one time, formerly.

21. *attended*. Etymologically, *to attend* means to give *attention*, thence to take care of, to follow. Cp. an *attendant*, a follower, a servant, *attendance*, service.

23. *still*, here an adverb, means even now.

Pronunciation. — *Soul* (pr. *sōl*), *bene'ath*, *within'*, *ig'norant*, *to remem'ber*.



PAUL HUET. — *The Tempest.*
(Louvre, Paris.)

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was Duke of Milan, and you were a princess and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom : this he soon effected with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not at that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst

5. *only*, here an adjective, means unique.

6. *I trusted*, I confided.

10. *proved*, showed himself.

Ib. neglecting all worldly ends, thinking no longer of the world and its vanities.

Ib. buried, for *being* buried, past participle of *to bury*, to hide, generally in the ground, in a grave.

11. *did dedicate*, dedicated. Here, and in several other instances, Lamb uses *did* archaically and not in an emphatic sense.

16. *a proud ambition*, an ambition caused by excessive pride.

20. *Wherefore*, for what reason, why; an old form.

22. *durst*, preterite of *to dare* in the meaning of *to venture*. The same verb is regular in the meaning of *to defy*. — When *to dare* means *to venture*, it is

Pronunciation. — *Milan′*, *heir* (silent **h**), *Anto′nio*, *reti′rement*, *man′agement*, *affair′*, *to prove* (pr. **proove**), *to neglect′*, *to bur′y* (pr. **berr′y**), *possess′ion* (pr. **pozesh′un**), *opportu′nity*, *en′emy*.

not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast : there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

"Know, then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the King of Naples and

generally, as here, conjugated negatively without *to do* and followed by the infinitive without *to*. Ex. · *they durst not destroy us*.

4. *tackle*, here the ropes of a ship.

7. *privately*, not publicly, in secret.

8. *apparel*, clothing.

Ib. I prize, from *to prize*, (Fch. *price* on, to value.

10. *What a trouble!* Notice the use of the indefinite article after *what* in exclamatory phrases.

14. *made me to bear up*. The usual form is *made me bear up*, without *to*.

19. *Heaven thank you*, for *May Heaven thank you*. Do not mistake *Heaven*, a proper noun, meaning Paradise, or even God, as here, with *the heavens*, a common noun, meaning the sky, the firmament.

Pronunciation. — *Gonzal′o*, *pri′vately*, *appar′el*, *cher′ub*, *to preserv′e*, *inn′ocent*, *misfor′tune*, *to prof′it*.

my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this isla d."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company; and, though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

*

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the King's son, Ferdinand was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost.

"But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded sadly, lamenting

1. *cast ashore*, thrown on the shore. As a prefix, *a* often means *on*, *in* or *at*. Cp. *asleep*, for in sleep, line 4.

3. *his magic wand*, his enchanted staff or rod.

4. *she fell fast asleep*, she fell into a fast sleep. *Fast*, firm, sound. *Asleep*, in sleep (See n. 1, above).

5. *an account*, a narrative. Cp. Fch. *compte-rendu*.

7. *the ship's company*, both the passengers and the sailors forming the crew.

8. *choose*, wish. — *I choose* is one of the many verbs often used to replace *I will*.

9. *holding converse*, conversing, talking.

11. *brave*. Ariel deserves to be called brave because he was not frightened by the dreadful tempest which had made everybody mad on board the King's ship.

13. *lively*, full of life, vivid.

19. *folded sadly*. Here is the corresponding passage of Ariel's "lively description" in Shakespeare's true words: —

The king's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

The Tempest, I, 2.

Pronunciation. — *Ashor′e, to present′, accou′nt, invis′ible, conver′se, mar′iner, Fer′dinand, to lament′.*

the loss of the King his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing, though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty I pray remember I have done you worthy service

2. *a hair*, or *one* hair. In this meaning only, *hair* may be used in the plural: two *hairs*, three *hairs*, etc.

Ib. injured, damaged.

3. *garments*, clothes.

Ib. drenched, thoroughly wet.

5. *delicate*. It was indeed a striking proof of Ariel's tact and delicacy of feeling to have used the sea-waves to make Ferdinand's garments look fresher than before, so that his personal appearance might impress Miranda favourably.

6. *hither*, to this place Cp. *here*, at this place, and *hence*. from this place. Parallel differences in meaning will be found in *where*, *whither*, *whence* and in *there*, *thither*, *thence*.

10. *they saw him perish*. The infinitive is used without *to* after verbs denoting perception such as *to see*, *to hear*, *to watch*, etc.

11. *not one*, an emphatic form for *no one*.

13. *harbour*, a port, and more generally a shelter. Cp. French *auberge*, *héberger*.

18. *I have done you worthy service*, I have served you worthily. Cp. *to do* (to render) *a service*.

Pronunciation. — *Hith′er, to perform′ to prom′ise* (pr. **prom′iss**).

told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak: tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and, because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful: "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you

2. *grudge*, ill-will, dislike. Cp. note 11, *ib*. p. 12.

Ib. grumbling, from *to grumble*, to murmur. Cp. Fch. *grommeler*.

3. *how now!* What is this? *How* is this, *now?*

5. *forgot*, an archaic form instead of forgotten.

6. *bent double*. Sycorax was so heavily laden with age and envy that, under this double burden, her head was bent almost to the ground.

8. *Algiers*. Shakespeare had written *Argier*.

9. *so*, for *born in Algiers*. *So* often stands for a clause; see another instance of the same use in *Do so*, line 20.

Ib. recount, relate (again). Cp. Fch. *raconter*.

12. *witchcrafts*, supernatural practices, acts of sorcery. *Craft*, generally art, trade.

Ib. human hearing, human intelligence.

14. *delicate*, gentle.

16. *howling*, crying. Cp. Fch. *hululement* (from *huller*).

19. *I will obey*, I promise to obey. Another example of the future of authority will be found in Prospero's answer.

Pronunciation. — *To recollect′, a tor′ment, Al′giers, to recou′nt, to obey′.*

free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do, and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

"Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong-bell."

1. *He then gave orders what further he would have him do*, he then gave orders about *that* further work *which* he wanted him to do. — The relative *what* often stands for *that which*.

4. *melancholy* is used here as an adjective.

Ib. in the same posture, see p. 18, line 19 and note.

7. *for the Lady Miranda to have*, in order that she may have.

8. *a sight of*, a view of, a look at.

9. *He then began singing*. After verbs marking the beginning, the continuation or the ending of an action, the present participle is often preferred to the infinitive. Ex.: *Go on reading*. *Stop talking*.

10. *Full fathom five*, fully five fathom (or fathoms). A fathom is the distance between both arms held out; as a nautical measure, it is equal to six feet. Cp. Fch. *brasse*.

11. *are coral made*, coral *is* made. Shakespeare's commentators explain this strange plural by the proximity of the word *bones*.

12. *Those are... his eyes*, those that were his eyes are pearls.

13. *Nothing of him*, for *There is* nothing of him.

Ib. doth fade, for *fadeth*, an old form of *fades*. *To fade*, to disappear.

14. *But doth suffer*, but everything doth suffer.

16. *knell*, the sound of a bell at a death or funeral.

17. *Hark*, listen, from the old verb *to hearken*, to listen, now obsolete.

Ib. See, p. 36, M. Maurice Bouchor's very faithful and felicitous rendering of the above song into French verse

Pronunciation. — *Mel′ancholy, fath′om* (a short, as in fat), *cor′al, hou′rly* (silent h), *knell* (silent k).

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound o*f* Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now, Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."



Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces

1. *This strange news.* The word *news* is singular.
2. *the stupid fit*, the fit of stupor; *a fit*, a sudden attack.
3. *in amazement*, in astonishment. See note 6, p. 14.
5. *under the shade*, more generally *in* the shade.
9. *yonder*, at a distance, but still within view.
11. *it looks.* Miranda uses the neuter pronoun, as she has never seen a young man and does not know what Ferdinand is.
Ib. about, round him. Ferdinand is looking for Ariel, whose voice he hears, but who is invisible to his eyes.
17. *somewhat altered*, a little changed.
Ib. grief, sorrow, heaviness of heart, akin to *gravity* and to Fch. *grief, grever, grave*, etc.
19. *wandering about*, going from place to place like a wanderer. Cp. *the Wandering Jew.*

Pronunciation. — *Except', strange* (a as in fate), *surpri'se, cre'ature, compan'ion.*

and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it.

"Follow me," said he. "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish,

1. *grave faces and grey beards.* Miranda thought that each man had a grave face and a grey beard, and consequently that all men had grave faces and grey beards. The plural is always used in English in such cases.
4. *the strange sounds*, Ariel's song.
5. *wonders*, marvels, extraordinary (*wonderful*) things.
8. *and ... her*, and he began to speak to her as (if she were) such, i. e., a goddess.
10. *to give an account*, to tell her own story.
12. *each other*, the reciprocal pronoun used in the case of *two* only. *One another* is correct in all cases
13. *plainly*, clearly
14. *to try*, to put to the proof, to the test. Cp. *a trial*, a test, an experiment, an examination.
16. *therefore*, for this reason.
17. *stern*, severe.
Ib. telling him ... of it. Prospero, the lord of the island, tells Ferdinand he came to take it from him.
21. *You shall drink*, future of authority, see note 19, p. 20. Prospero asserts his authority over Ferdinand.

Pronunciation. — *To delight* (pr. deli't), *appe'arance, enchant'ed* (a=â), *to interrupt'.*

withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food."

"No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and he drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence!" said her father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl. What, an advocate for an impostor? You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

1. *withered*, dried (in the *weather*).
Ib. husks of acorns. The *acorn* is the fruit of the oak; the *husk* is the dry and hard outer covering of certain fruits and seeds.
4. *entertainment*, hospitality, treatment.
5. *waving*, moving. Cp. the motion of the waves.
8. *Miranda hung upon her father*, she held him fast by his garments in a beseeching manner.
10. *I will be his surety*, I will answer for him, I will be a hostage for him.
11. *true*, good.
13. *chide*, speak angrily.
15. *no more such fine men*, no other fine men such as he.
16. *foolish*, ridiculous.
17. *most men ... Caliban*, most men are as high above this (Ferdinand) as he is above Caliban.
Ib. to prove, to put to the proof, to try, to test.
18. *affections*, here, inclinations, tastes.
19. *most humble*, very humble (absolute superlative).
Ib. goodlier, from *goodly* (goodlike), good-looking, of good appearance. Dissyllabic adjectives ending in *y* form their comparative and superlative of superiority as if they were monosyllabic: *pretty, prettier, the prettiest*.

Pronunciation. — *To with'er, a'corn, enterta'inment, sword (pr. sord), su'rety (pr. shoo'rty), ad'vocate, impos'tor, to excel'.*

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero. Looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell; he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after

1. *Come on*, come here.
6. *compelled*, obliged.
9. *My spirits are all bound up*, all my force is captive.
Ib. as if I were, an instance of the preterite subjunctive of *to be*, which is only used in a few set phrases, such as *if I were* and *as it were*.
10. *threats*, menaces, threatening words (verb *to threaten*).
12. *fair*, here beautiful.
14. *set*, gave, imposed. Cp. *to set* a question, an exercise, a sum.
16. *to let his daughter know*. The infinitive without *to* is used after *to bid, to let, to dare, to make*. Cp. notes 22, p. 16 and 10, p. 19.
17. *pretending*, affecting, making believe.
19. *to pile up*, to lay in a pile or heap, to heap up.
20. *logs*, big pieces of wood.
21. *laborious*, see n. 21, p. 12.

Pronunciation. — *Resist'ance, to aston'ish, stra'ngely, to beho'ld, pris'oner, to command'.*

found her lover almost dying with fatigue.

"Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours: pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.



Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them, invisible, to overhear what they said

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told him, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

1. *dying with fatigue.* Cp. dying *with* hunger; *of* and *for* are also used with *to die.*

4. *he is safe for these three hours,* an amusing phrase; the real meaning is *we are safe* from him for the next three hours, he is not dangerous for three hours.

5. *I dare not.* See n. 22, p. 16.

8. *the while,* during the time. As a noun, *while* is a synonym of *time.* In other cases, *while* is a conjunction, and as such is used before verbs, whereas *during* is a preposition, only used before nouns and pronouns in the objective case.

9. *But ... agree to,* But Ferdinand would agree to this by no means. *By no means* = not at all.

10. *a hindrance,* the contrary of a *help,* from the verb *to hinder,* to put or keep *behind,* to stop, to embarrass.

15. *merely,* simply.

Ib. *a trial,* a test.

16. *by them,* near them, an adverbial use of *by.*

17. *to overhear,* to *hear over* them, without their notice.

Pronunciation. — *Fatig'ue, to agree', bus'iness* (pr. *biz'ness*), *me'rely, tri'al, to overhe'ar, express'.*

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, e was not angry that she showed her love by rgetting to obey his commands. And he listened ell pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in hich he professed to love her above all the ladies ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be Queen of Naples."

5. *to obey his commands.* Remember that *to obey* is transitive. Cp. *to command,* n. 10, p. 13.

6. *a long speech of Ferdinand's,* for *Ferdinand's long speech.* This double possessive may be explained by supposing that such a word as *mouth* or *tongue* is understood after *Ferdinand's.*

10. *exceeded all the women,* exceeded *that* (the beauty) *of* all the women.

12. *nor have I, and* I have *not.* In such cases, *nor* is an equivalent of *and ... not,* and is followed by the interrogative construction.

Ib. *any more men,* any other men.

14. *How features are abroad,* How people look in other countries.

Ib. *I know not* is only used in modern English as an emphatic form of *I do not know.*

15. *but you,* except you.

16. *nor can my imagination, and* my imagination can *not.* See above, n. 12.

Ib. *form any shape,* conceive any form.

19. *nodded,* bent his head forward.

20. *as much as,* as if.

Pronunciation. — *Disobe'dience, compan'ion, pre'cept, exact'ly, Na'ples.*

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah sir!" said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter All your vexations were but my trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey

2. *courtly*, court-like, as at court.
4. *she should be*, she must become.
5. *a fool*, a ridiculous girl.
6. *plain*, simple.
7. *to marry*, etymologically "to become the husband (Fch. *mari*) of a woman", now "to unite in or by marriage."
8. *prevented* (Fch. *prévenir*), to come before. Cp. *to hinder*. See n. 10, p. 26.
11. *I approve of*. The proposition *of* always follows the verb *to approve* in the meaning of *to accept*.
12. *used*, treated.
13. *I will make you rich amends*, I will give you a handsome compensation: *Amends* has no singular form.
15. *stood*, borne, endured.
Ib. *gift*, a present, from *to give*.
17. *that I boast*, when I boast, when I declare proudly.
19. *desired*, expressly wished.
22. *this command ... to disobey*. We are gently reminded here that Miranda had disobeyed other commands before, — but she was then under the influence of magic.

Pronunciation. — *To ans'wer* (pr. ans'er), *ho'ly*, *inn'ocence*, *to prevent'*, *to approv'e* (pr. approov'), *amends'*, *to pur'chase* (pr. pur'chās).

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away.

Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea, saying that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The King of Naples and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their peni-

2. *eager*, impatient.
5. *out of their senses*, insane, distracted. Cp. Fch. *insensé*.
Ib. *with fear*, from fear.
6. *at the strange things*, as a consequence of the strange things.
7. *wandering about*, wandering from place to place.
11. *in the shape of a harpy*, in the likeness of a monster half bird and half woman.
13. *utter*, complete. For *amazement*, see n. 3, p. 22.
14. *reminding them of*, calling again to their minds.
16. *infant*, very young. *Infant* is more generally used as a noun; the etymological (Latin) meaning of the word is "one who cannot speak".
17. *these terrors*, the tempest, the wreck, the loss of Ferdinand, the harpy, etc.
18. *were suffered*, were permitted.
20. *repented the injustice*. *To repent* is transitive, like *to obey*, *to disobey*, *to command*, *to order*, etc. See line 10, p. 13 and line 5, p. 27.

Pronunciation. — *To fatig'ue* (pr. fatee'g), *to fam'ish*, *delic'ious* (pr. delish'us), *vora'cious* (pr. vora'shus), *in'fant*.

tence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero: "if you who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness; and the king expressed his sincere remorse for

1. *though a spirit*, though (he was) a spirit.
2. *could not but pity them*, could not (do anything) but pity them. *But*, except.
3. *hither* (to) here. See n. 6, p. 19.
4. *but*, only.
Ib. feel for, sympathize with.
6. *on them.* Notice the use of the preposition *on* in the following expressions: to take pity *on*, to have compassion (*or* pity) *on*.
7. *dainty*, nice, delicate.
9. *in their train*, following them.
10. *wondering at the wild music*, astonished by the strange music.
12. *This Gonzalo*, etc. See p. 17, § 1.
16. *stupefied their senses*, struck their senses with stupor. Cp. n. 2, p. 22.
20. *the injured Prospero*, the Prospero they had injured, who had suffered injustice.

Pronunciation. — Distress', Anto'nio, Gonzal'o, wick'ed (sound ed).

having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too;" and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.



Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been.

"Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together."

"No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda; "she is a mor-

1. *for having*, because he had. Before a present participle, *for* means *because of*.
2. *forgave them. To forgive* is transitive: *Prospero forgave his false brother*.
Ib. upon their engaging, as soon as they promised.
6. *chess*, from the Fch. *échecs*, itself derived from the Persian word *Shah*, meaning the King. The game of chess is played on a *chess-board*.
10. *They each thought the other*, they thought each other. See n. 12, p. 23.
12. *brave*, good.
13. Miranda shows here how small her experience of the world is. She "goes by looks" too much and does not know that "appearances are deceptive."
18. *parted*, from *to part*, to separate, to make into *parts*.
22. *done*, for fallen. Otherwise, *to make* is always used with the word *mistake*.

Pronunciation. — To assist', ex'cellent, in'to, mista'ke.

tal, but by immortal Providence she is mine : I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now : of him I have received a new life; he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended."

And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness, and said that a wise, overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with

3. *alive*, in life. Cp. *asleep, awake*, etc. (n. 1, p. 18).

5. *of whose renown I have heard so much*, of whose renown I have heard (people speak) so much.

10. *how oddly ... forgiveness*, how strangely the words ordering me to ask my child (Miranda) forgiveness (for the injustice I did both to her father and herself) will sound!

11. Shakespeare's text (Act V., Scene I), was very closely followed by Lamb in the last two paragraphs.

12. *No more of that*, for (Let us speak) no more of that.

13. *our troubles past*. *Past* is one of the very few English adjectives which are sometimes placed after the nouns they qualify. Cp. *in times past*, *for some weeks past*.

17. *overruling*, ruling (the world) from over us. Cp. *to reign over*.

19. *that his daughter might*. In the sense of *in order that*, *that* is followed by *may*, pret. *might*.

20. *for that*, because, for.

Pronunciation. — *Prov'idence, consent', ali've, to permit', to com'fort.*

shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak, and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

*

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning.

"In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords, and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food and set the cave in order, and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed

3. *this joyful reconciliation*, a touch of Lamb's humour after the description of Antonio's shame and sorrow, of his tears and of those of Gonzalo.

6. *on board her*. Cp. the expressions *on board a ship, on board ship, on board*. For *her*, see n. 5, p. 14.

8. *home*, for to home. But *to* and *into* are suppressed before *home*.

9. *In the meantime*, in the interval. *Mean* for middle.

Ib. partake of, *take* your *part* of.

10. *refreshments*, any food, liquid or solid, serving to refresh. — Cp. the *refreshment-rooms* in a railway-station.

Ib. my poor cave, my poor *cell*, not *cellar*.

Ib. affords, may offer.

14. *the company were*. Collective nouns are generally considered as plural.

15. *uncouth*, ungraceful, ugly.

17. *attendant*, servant, from *to attend*. See note 21, *ib.* p. 14.

Ib. to wait upon, to attend upon. — Thence, a *waiter* (fem. *waitress*), an attendant. The question : "*Are you waited upon, Sir* (or *Madam*)" is commonly used in shops, restaurants, etc.

18. *dismissed*, sent away, from the same Latin root as *missionary, messenger*, etc.

Pronunciation. — *Remorse', una'ble, to accom'pany, to afford', uncouth'* (pr. *uncooth'*), *to dismiss'*.

Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit, who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers.

"My quaint Ariel" said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom".

"Thank you, my dear master", said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!"

Here Ariel sang this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:

3. *longing*, waiting with impatience.
4. *to enjoy his free liberty*, to feel the joy of possessing his full liberty. *Free liberty* is a good instance of the double wealth of the English language, which often has two words, one of Saxon and one of Latin origin, to denote the same idea. Such is the case for *freedom* and *liberty*. Both words are then sometimes used jointly to emphasize their common meaning or to ensure their full comprehension. Ex.: *This is my* will *and* testament.
7. *quaint*, subtle, artful, an obsolete meaning. In modern English, *quaint* means odd, original.
8. *I shall miss you*, I shall feel your absence.
9. *you shall have your freedom*. For the future of authority, see n. 21, p. 23.
11. *leave*, permission. Cp. a *leave* of absence, a year's *leave*, to be *on leave*.
Ib. to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, to escort your ship home with favourable winds.
12. *farewell*, originally *fare well*, in the meaning of go, travel well. *Good-bye* (for *God be with ye*) is now more commonly used.
14. *when I am free*. The future is here replaced by the present. This frequently happens in subordinate clauses beginning with *when*, *as soon as*, when the future is expressed or understood in the principal clause: How merrily *I shall live* when *I am* free.
15. *this pretty song*. See p. 37 the very pretty French version M. Maurice Bouchor has given of it.
17. *a cowslip's bell*, the cup or corolla of a cowslip.

Pronunciation. — *Uncontro'lled, pleas'ant, pros'perous.*

There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the King of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter Miranda and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

2. *a bat*, a small animal with a body like a mouse, but which flies on wings attached to its fore-feet.
5. *bough*, branch.
8. *the magic art*. For the comparison between Shakespeare and Prospero, see *Introd.*, p. 10, § 2.
9. *overcome*, vanquished, triumphed over, *come over*.
12. *his native land*, *his dukedom*, possibly, allusions to Stratford-on-Avon and Shakespeare's interests in his native town.
13. *to witness the happy nuptials*, to be present at the happy wedding.
15. *instantly*, immediately, at once.
17. *convoy*, protection (during a journey).
18. *voyage*, sea-passage.

Pronunciation. — *Bough* (pr. bou); *to recon'cile, to wit'ness, return'.*

DEUX CHANSONS D'ARIEL[1].

[Nous remercions M. Maurice Bouchor d'avoir bien voulu nous autoriser à citer ici ces deux fragments de sa version si habile et si vraiment poétique de la *Tempête*.]

I

Ton père gît à cinq brasses profondes
Sous les calmes eaux :
Il gît, et ses os
Deviennent corail au baiser des ondes.
Ce sont deux perles que ses yeux;
Il n'est rien de lui que la mer ne change
En une fleur étrange,
Un joyau merveilleux.

La vague le pleure;
Les nymphes des eaux sonnent d'heure en heure
Son glas...

Ecoutez! l'air frissonne .
J'entends là-bas
Tinter les cloches. Sonne,
Sonne le glas...

1. Dans sa belle *Histoire de la littérature anglaise*, Taine caractéris brillamment le fantastique de Shakespeare, dont Ariel est l'une des créations les plus charmantes. « C'est, dit-il, un tissu léger d'inventions téméraires, de passions ardentes, de raillerie mélancolique, de poésie éblouissante. »

Et les génies de la famille d'Ariel symbolisent merveilleusement l'imagination même de Shakespeare : « Rien de plus semblable à l'esprit du poète que ces agiles génies fils de l'air et de la flamme, dont le vol met un cercle autour de la terre en une seconde, et qui glissent sur l'écume des vagues et bondissent parmi les atomes des vents. Son Ariel vole, invisible chanteur, autour des naufragés qu'il console, découvre les pensées des traîtres, poursuit Caliban, la brute farouche, étale devant les amants des visions pompeuses, et achève tout en un éclair. Shakespeare effleure les objets d'une aile aussi prompte, par des bonds aussi brusques, avec un toucher aussi délicat. »

II

Avec l'abeille je butine
A travers les prés aux fraîches couleurs;
Pour moi les clochettes des fleurs
Font une musique argentine.

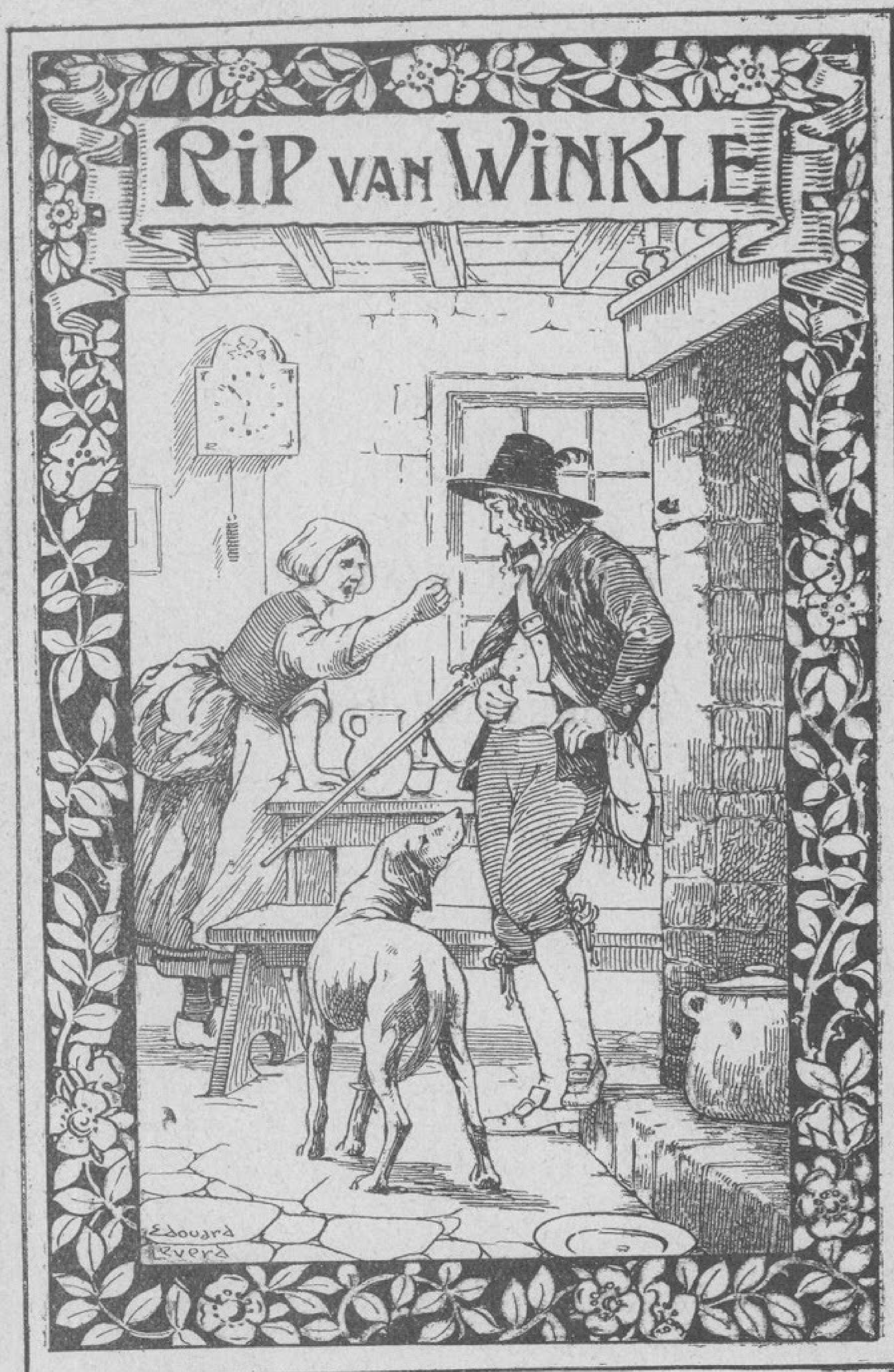
Lorsque le hibou crie et qu'il fait nuit,
Le cœur d'une primevère
Est le lit que je préfère;
C'est là que je dors, que je dors sans bruit...

Sur le dos de la chauve-souris je m'envole,
A la fin de l'été, gaîment.
A moi l'air bleu, le flot dormant!
Quand je serai las de ma course folle
Et de ma chanson,
J'irai me suspendre aux fleurs du buisson...

RIP VAN WINKLE

by

WASHINGTON IRVING



An obedient hen-pecked husband (p. 47).

WASHINGTON IRVING

(1783-1859)

Washington Irving was born in New-York of a Scotch father and an English mother in the year 1783 : the very year when the Treaty of Versailles gloriously established the independence of the United States. The boy was named after George Washington, " the father of the country ", who had just played a prominent part in the war against England and was to become the first president of the new republic. His parents thus asserted their loyalty to the Union.



WASHINGTON IRVING.

Very little is known of his education : he was " a dreamer and a saunterer ", and what is chiefly remembered about his school years is that he was already inclined to versifying and playwriting. At sixteen, he entered a lawyer's office and soon after contributed humorous articles to a paper; but his health was poor, and his brothers sent him to Europe in 1804. He was then twenty-one, and he spent the two following years in visiting Rome,

Paris, the Netherlands and London, a delightful and most interesting tour, though somewhat spoiled, at times, by Bonaparte's police, who suspected him of being an English spy. When he returned to New-York in 1806, his health had greatly improved and he was admitted to the Bar.

After doing some journalistic work, Washington Irving wrote his first book: *A History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker*, which was published in 1809. There are a few real facts in this *History*, but it is mainly humorous, and it was enthusiastically received both in the States and in England, where Walter Scott wrote it had made his sides " sore with laughing ". But Irving had entered into partnership with his two elder brothers and, for several years, he devoted most of his attention to business, until their firm became bankrupt in 1818 and he took up literature as a professional pursuit.

He opened this second period of his life by publishing the *Sketch Book* (1819-1820), made up of several charming tales and essays, among which the most famous are *Rip Van Winkle*, the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and *Westminster Abbey*, the first two being somewhat in the same vein and style as *The History of New York*. Of *Rip van Winkle* it has been truly said that few short stories have ever been so popular, not only in English-speaking countries, but throughout the whole world : it has made the lower reach of the Hudson classic ground; its witty tone, its picturesqueness and its pure and musical diction have gained it a permanent place among the small masterpieces of literature.

A great part of Irving's remaining years was spent abroad. He travelled in France, in Germany, in England, and chiefly in Spain, where he pursued the arduous studies upon which his most serious works were founded : *Life of Columbus* (1828), *Conquest of Granada* (1829), *Legends of the Conquest of Spain* (1835). These

books, which opened to English readers the rich stores of Spanish history and romance are among the most fascinating narratives in existence. They gave Irving a very high rank in the literary world and he was appointed United States minister to Spain in 1842. When he retired, in 1846, he returned to America and his last work was a *Life of George Washington* in five volumes, which he had just finished writing when he died in 1859.

Irving's character was on the same high level as his intellectual gifts. He was good, tender, faithful and chivalrous, the real type of " the gentleman of letters ".

Questions.

1. What do you know of the history of the United States at the time of Washington Irving's birth?

2. How did he prepare for a literary career? Why did he start for Europe in 1804? What countries did he visit?

3. What was Washington Irving's first book? Say what you know about it? Was it immediately followed by others? Why?

4. What is the *Sketch Book*? Why is it especially interesting to us?

5. Name some of Washington Irving's last works. Comment upon his life and character.

Home work.

1. In what country and at what time does the story of *Rip van Winkle* take place?

2. How did Rip usually occupy his time? Was he much at home?

3. What do you know of Rip's wife and children? Who was his best friend?

4. Why was not Rip recognized by the inhabitants of the village?

5. What had happened during Rip's absence? How long had it really lasted?

RIP VAN WINKLE :

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

[Summary. — Rip van Winkle, a peaceful citizen of New-England, the English colony in North America, falls asleep a short time before the War of Independence (1775-1783). He wakes up twenty years after and is quite bewildered at the mighty changes that have taken place, being himself a subject of wonder to the busy citizens of the new Republic.]

By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulchre. Cartwright.

I

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains.

Diedrich Knickerbocker, the imaginary author of a facetious *History of New York* during the reign of the Dutch governors of the province, really written by Washington Irving. The following tale is also supposed to have been found among Knickerbocker's papers.

2. *Wodensday.* The names of the days of the week are derived from the old Saxon mythology : *Sunday* is the day of the sun; *Monday*, the day of the moon; *Tuesday*, the day of *Tiw* or *Tew* (the god of war); *Wednesday*, the day of *Woden* or *Odin* (the chief Teutonic god); *Thursday*, the day of *Thor* (the god of thunder); *Friday*, the day of the goddess *Frig* or *Freia* (the wife of Odin); *Saturday*, the day of *Sæter* or *Saturn.*

4. *Thilke*, an archaic word, for *that same.*

5. *Cartwright*, an English poet (1611-1643), who wrote excellent lyrics, and four plays.

7. *The Hudson*, an important river of the United States, running into New York Bay.

Pronunciation. — ***Whoev'er, to rememb'er, Kaats'kill.***

The **tonic accent** or *stress* is indicated in these notes by a *stress-mark* ('). — This mark is placed immediately after the accented vowel when this vowel is sounded as in the alphabet (or immediately after the accented diphthong when this diphthong is long). In other cases, it is placed after the consonants following the accented vowel or diphthong.

They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little

2. *The Appalachian Mountains* are also called the *Alleghany Mountains.*

4. *Lording it over*, rising above, as a lord above the common people.

8. *Hue*, colour, tint.

11. *Settled*, fixed, calm and clear.

12. *Outline*, the outer or exterior line, by which a figure is bounded.

14. *They will gather*, they are in the habit of gathering. — **Grammar** : *Will* is used here to mark habit, frequency (frequentative form).

17. *Glow*, shine with a clear dazzling light, as if they were on fire.

Ib. Glory, brightness, light.

Ib. Fairy, belonging to *fairies* or *fays* (Fr. fées).

19. *Descried*, discovered, caught sight of.

20. *Shingle*, wood sawed or split thin, used instead of slates or tiles, for covering houses.

21. *Gleam*, glow or shine.

22. *Upland*, upper or high land, opposed to *lowland* : the *Highlands* and the *Lowlands* of Scotland.

(*) ***To dismemb'er, Appalach'ian, height*** (pr. **hīt**), ***coun try*** (ou = u in **but**); ***cha'nge, hour*** (mute **h**), ***barom'eter.***

village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

II

In that same village and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, how-

2. *Dutch colonists.* — Hendrick Hudson, an English navigator in the service of Holland, discovered in 1609 the river to which he gave his name. The Dutch colonized the country up to the inner lakes, called it *the New Netherlands*, and built *New Amsterdam*, which was taken in 1664 by the English, and received the name of *New York*, in honour of the Duke of York, afterwards James II. The whole district was transferred to British rule by the peace of Breda, which concluded the war with Holland, in 1667.

4. *Peter Stuyvesant* (1592-1672) was the last Dutch governor of the New Netherlands.

6. *Settler*, a man who settles, a colonist. (Cf. *settlement*, a colony newly settled.)

7. *Within a few years*, in the interval of a few years the original settlers had succeeded in building houses which looked exactly like Dutch houses.

9. *Lattice*, a network of crossed bars or laths. Cf. Fr. *latte*.

14. *Time-worn*, worn out by time.

19. *Gallantly*, from *gallant*, a doublet of *valiant*, brave.

21. *The siege of Fort Christina* is a famous episode of the fight between the Dutch and the Swedes, who had also established settlements in North-America, *Fort Christina* was one of them.

(*) ***Antiq'uity, latt'iced, preci'se*** (hard s), ***descend'ant, Christian'.***

ever, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbour, and an obedient hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in

4. *Hen-pecked*, weak, subject to his wife, as a cock *pecked* by his hen.

6. *Owing*, due, imputable to.

Ib. *Meekness*, from *meek*, mild, gentle, submissive.

Ib. *Spirit*, disposition, temper.

9. *Abroad*, away from home, out of doors; from *at broad*. Contr.: *at home*.

10. *Shrew*, a scolding, bad-tempered, quarrelsome woman. One of Shakespeare's comedies is entitled *The Taming of the Shrew*.

12. *A curtain lecture*, a formal reproof of a shrew to her husband, at home, when the curtains are drawn.

15. *A termagant wife*, a shrew. *Termagant* was a supposed Mohammedan false god, represented in the old plays and moralities as being of a most violent character.

Ib. *Therefore*, for this reason, consequently.

16. *Respect*, relation, standpoint, point of view.

Ib. *Tolerable*, not entirely bad, passable.

17. *Blessing*, happiness. (Cf. *blithe*, happy.)

18. *Thrice*, an archaic form, for three times. (Cf. *twice*.)

(*) ***Obse'quious, dis'cipline, pli'ant, mall'eable, fi'ery, a'miable.***

all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

III

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a mur-

1. *Squabble*, a noisy quarrel.
3. *Gossiping*. To gossip, to tell idle tales, to chat about one's neighbours.
4. *Dame*, a title given formerly to old ladies.
5. *Would shout*, a frequentative form for *shouted*. See above, p. 11, n. 14.
6. *Assisted at*, gave them help or assistance in.
9. *Witch*, *ghost*. At the beginning of Shakespeare's tragedy of Macbeth, three *witches* appear to the hero and tell him he shall be king. Later on, the *ghost* of Banquo, whom Macbeth has murdered, appears to him at the supper table.
10. *Dodging*, shifting or shuffling along, as if to avoid somebody.
12. *His skirts* the part of his clothes hanging below his waist.
Ib. *To clamber*, to climb with difficulty, an augmentative of *to climb*.
14. *Throughout*, from one end to the other.
18. *Insuperable*, that cannot be passed over, insurmountable, unconquerable.

(*) *To assist', impu'nity, insu'perable, assidu'ity, perseve'rance.*

mur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were con-

2. *Nibble*. *To nibble*, to bite by small nips (pinches). — Cf. Fr. *touche*.
3. *Fowling-piece*, a light gun for fowling (shooting *fowls* or birds).
4. *Trudging*, going slowly and heavily.
Ib. *Swamp*, spongy ground, low ground filled with water. (Cf. *to swim*, to move in water.)
5. *Dale*, vale or valley.
7. *Toil*, hard work.
8. *Foremost* (superl. of *fore*), the very first.
Ib. *Frolic*, merry-making, amusement.
9. *Husking*, removing the husks (covering of the grains).
Ib. *Indian corn*, maize, so called because brought from the West Indies.
Ib. *Fence*, a hedge, an enclosure (an abbreviation of *defence*).
11. *Errand*, a message, a commission to say or do something.
Ib. *Such... as*, those... that.
12. *Odd jobs*, trifling, unimportant pieces of work.
14. *To attend to*, to pay attention to, to mind, to do.
Ib. *But his own*, except his own.
20. *Wrong*, not right, badly (literally *twisted*. Cf. Fr. *tort et tordu*).

(*) *Rough* (pr. rŭff.), *err'and*. *to attend'*. *bus'iness* (pr. bĭz'ness), *contin'ually*.

tinually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

IV

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled disposi-

2. *Astray*, out of the right way. *To stray*, to go out of the enclosure.
Ib. Weeds, useless plants.
4. *Made a point of*, was careful to, did not forget to.
5. *Setting in*, from *to set in*, to begin.
6. *Estate*, landed property.
7. *To dwindle away*, to grow smaller and smaller.
9. *A mere patch*, only a small piece of ground.
14. *Urchin*, a humorous term for a child, from old Fr. *eriçon*, hérisson.
Ib. Begotten, from *to beget*, to be the father of; here, *begotten* : made, fashioned.
16. *To troop*, to run.
17. *Colt*, a young horse.
18. *Galligaskins*, a sort of large old-fashioned trousers. A corruption of old Fr. *greguesques*, grègues.
19. *Much ado*, much to do, great trouble.
22. *Foolish*, here simple, careless.

(*) **Patrimo'nial, ragg'ed** (sound **ed**), **to inher'it, galligas'kins.**

tions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his

1. *Take the world easy*, take things quietly, as they happen to come.
3. *Would rather*, an elliptic form, for *would* (prefer) *rather* (to) *starve*...
Ib. Starve, die of hunger.
5. *Whistled life away*, spent his life whistling.
7. *Dinning*. A din is a deafening noise.
16. *Cast up*, lifted up, from *to cast*.
17. *A fresh volley*, a new outburst of abuse or lecturing.
18. *Fain*, glad.
Ib. To draw off his forces, to retreat with all his army, a humorous expression for *to disappear*.
19. *Take to the outside of the house*, go or run out.
22. *Adherent*, friend, partisan.
26. *Evil*, wicked, bad.

(*) **Content'ment, to produ'ce, fre'quent, adhe'rent, compan'ion, e'vil.**

master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a side-long glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

V

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.

For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind

1. *His master's going*, his master's habit of going.
2. *Befitting*, suitable, natural in.
4. *Scoured*, from *to scour*, to run about.
5. *Withstand*, stand against, resist.
Ib. All-besetting, inclosing, covering everything.
7. *His crest fell*, he became *crestfallen*, dejected, heartless. Wolf is once more, here, compared with a cock.
9. *To sneak*, to creep away servilely.
9. *A gallows air*, the air of one going to be hanged to the gallows.
11. *Flourish*, the action of swinging about or brandishing.
12. *Ladle*, a large spoon for lifting out liquid from a vessel, for serving up soup.
17. *A tart temper*, an acrimonious character; *tart*, sharp or sour.
Ib. To mellow, to soften by ripeness or age. (Cf. Fr. *mollir*).
18. *An edged tool*, a tool with a keen or cutting side or edge, as a knife.

(*) ***Hon'ourable*** (mute **h**), ***coura'geous***, ***flour'ish*** (ou = **u** in **but**) ***la'dle***, ***matrim'ony***, ***to frequent'***.

of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Pummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till

5. *George the Third* (1760-1820), the king of England in whose reign the United States gained their independance.
Ib. They used to sit, they were in the habit of sitting. — **Grammar**: *I would* and *I used to*, before an infinitive, are used to mark habit, frequency (in the past). *I will* has the same meaning in the present (frequentative form).
7. *Listlessly*, literally, with no wish; with indiffereuce.
15. *To drawl*, to speak or read in a slow sleepy manner.
16. *Dapper*, little and active.
Ib. Learned is here an adjective and the final *ed* must be sounded.
21. *Junto*, a Spanish word : a body of men joined or united for some secret intrigue or conspiracy.
22. *Controlled by*, under the authority of.

(*) ***Perpet'ual***, ***philos'opher*** (hard **s**), ***pers'onage***, ***des'ignated*** (hard **s**), ***ru'bicund*** (first **u** as in **full**), ***sol'emnly*** (mute **n**), ***jun'to***, ***patr'iarch*** (ch = **k**).

night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs, but when pleased he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who

4. *Accurately*, exactly, precisely.
6. *Adherent*, partisan, follower.
8. *To gather*, to find out.
16. *Fragrant*, sweet-scented, sweet-smelling.
Ib. Letting...curl. — **Grammar**: Notice the use of the infinitive without *to* after *to let*, *to bid*, *to make*, *to dare* and the verbs denoting perception.
18. *In token*, as a sign.
19. *Stronghold*, a fortress (a *strong* place, to *hold* out against attack).
20. *To rout*, to put to disorderly flight. (Cf. Fr. *déroute*).
23. *Called... to naught*, called them all a vile, worthless, good-for-nothing set.
25. *Daring*, bold, audacious (*to dare*, to venture).

(*) *Suffic'iently, acc'urately, di'al, incess'antly, ve'hemently, fra'grant, assem'blage (ss = z), term'agant, vira'go.*

charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

VI

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labour of the farm and clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself,

1. *Charged him*, imputed to him.
Ib. Outright, utterly, completely.
7. *To stroll*, to ramble at leisure.
10. *Wallet*, a bag for carrying necessaries or provisions.
13. *Thy mistress.* — **Grammar**: The second person singular is used here in imitation of the Dutch language. It is very seldom found in English except in poetic or religious style.
15. *To stand by*, to assist or help.
16. *Wistful*, full of thought or desire, eager.
20. *To scramble*, to move on all-fours to climb.
25. *Panting*, out of breath.

(*) *Altern'ative, clam'our, to recip'rocate, to ech'o (ch = k), to fatig'ue.*

late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

VII

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle!

1. *Knoll*, a round hillock.
3. *Brow*, forehead.
5. *Many a mile*, an archaic form for *many miles*. Cf. Fch. *maint*.
9. *Lagging*, slack, moving slowly.
13. *Glen*, a narrow valley.
13. *Shagged* or *shaggy*, covered with rough hair or wild woods, rough, rugged.
15. *Impending*, overhanging.
21. *He heaved*, from *to heave*, to raise with effort. Cp. Fch. *pousser*.

(*) Brow (ow as in how), halloo'ing (oo = u in full), crow (ow = ō).



A strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks (p. 58).

Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a loud growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin, strapped round the waist—several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample vol-

8. *To bristle up*, to cause to stand erect, like bristles (the hair of pigs, etc.).

9. *To skulk*, to move furtively.

11. *Stealing over him*, slipping over him, unperceived, as a thief about to steal something.

13. *A figure*, a human form (not a face).

19. *To yield it*, to give or lend it (assistance).

23. *Grizzled*, mixed with grey.

25. *Jerkin*, a short close coat. Fch. *justaucorps*.

Ib. *Strapped*, bound with a strap, a narrow strip or band of leather.

26. *Breeches*, old fashioned trousers, bound under the knees by means of *bunches* or *knots*.

(*) ***To bristle*** (mute **t**), ***an'xiously***, ***unfre'quented***, ***to ha'sten*** (mute **t**), ***singular'ity***, ***appro'ach***, ***bu'shy*** (*u* as in **full**), ***antiq'ue***.

ume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the

2. *Down the sides*, along the sides from the belt to the knees.

3. *A stout keg*, a big cask or barrel.

4. *Liquor*, strong drink.

5. *Shy*, timid, suspicious.

6. *Distrustful of*, without *trust* or confidence in.

7. *To comply with*, to agree, to yield to the wishes of another.

8. *Relieving*, helping. — **Grammar**: There are two English reciprocal pronouns : *each other* and *one another*. *Each other* is used for two only, as here; *one another* may be used in all cases.

8. *To clamber*, an augmentative of *to climb*; to climb with difficulty or effort.

9. *Gully*, a gullet or channel worn by running water.

14. *Cleft*, from *to cleave*, to split.

15. *Rugged*, rough, not smooth.

17. *Transient*, passing, short.

19. *Proceeded*, went on his way.

23. *Glimpse*, a short passing gleam or sight.

(*) ***Liq'uor*** (*qu* = **k**), *sign* (pr. **sīn**), ***distrust'ful***, ***alac'rity***, ***gull'y***, ***ravin'e***, ***rugged*** (sound **ed**), ***tran'sient***, ***amphithe'atre***, ***perpendic'ular***, ***prec'ipice***.

azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence, for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

VIII

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar : one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little

3. *To labour on*, to go on with effort.
7. *The unknown*, the *unknown* and mysterious circumstances.
8. *Awe*, fear.
Ib. To check, to stop, to prevent, (Cf. Fr. *échec.*)
10. *On entering*, at the time when they entered. — **Grammar** : *On* is used before a present participle to attract attention to the very moment when something happens.
11. *Wonder*, great surprise, astonishment.
12. *A level spot*, a horizontal place.
13. *Odd-looking*, of singular appearance. See picture, p. 29.
14. *Quaint*, unusual, odd.
Ib. Outlandish, belonging to an *out* or foreign land; strange.
15. *Doublets*, the English for Fr. *pourpoint.*
22. *Set off*, adorned.

*) ***Az'ure, compan'ion, incomprehen'sible, lev'el, pers'onage, outland'ish, pecu'liar.***

red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlour of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

1. *Beards.* — **Grammar** : When there are several possessors, each possessing one object, the possessed objects must also be plural.
Ib. A laced doublet, a doublet ornamented with lace.
5. *Countenance*, face.
6. *Hanger*, a short broad sword, curved near the point, *hanging* on the belt.
Ib. High-crowned, with a high crown or top.
7. *Roses*, here knots of ribbon with which the shoes were adorned. Cp. Fch. *rosette, rose de ruban*. See picture, p. 29.
8. *Reminded Rip*, brought to his mind.
10. *Parlour*, the room in which we converse with our friends; a sitting room, a drawing-room.
Ib. Parson, the priest of a parish, a clergyman.
14. *Folks*, people.
17. *Withal*, an archaic word, meaning : *with all* the rest, also, besides moreover.
18. *Witnessed*, been a witness of, seen.
19. *But the noise*, except the noise.
20. *Whenever*, every time when.
21. *Rumbling*, making a confused rolling noise.

(*) ***Command'er, cou'ntenance*** (ou = **ow** in **how**), ***Flem'ish, partic'ularly, ev'idently, mel'ancholy, to interrupt'.***

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

2. *Desisted from*, left off, stopped.
3. *To stare*, to look fixedly.
Ib. Gaze, a fixed look.
4. *Uncouth*, literally : unknown; unaccustomed.
Ib. Lack-lustre, with no lustre or brightness, quite pale, like faces from the grave. — *Lack* is a privative prefix. Cf. John Lackland.
6. *Smote*, preterite of *to smite*, to strike.
7. *Contents* : a word with no singular.
8. *To wait upon*, to serve.
10. *To quaff*, to drink in large draughts.
12. *By degrees*, gradually, little by little.
13. *Subsided*, settled down, got quiet, lessened.
16. *Hollands*, gin made in Holland.
17. *Draught*, the act of drinking, the quantity drunk at a time.
20. *Overpowered*, subdued, conquered.

(*) *To desist'* (hard **s**), *uncouth'* (ou = **u** in **full**), *flag'on*, *degree'*, *to subsi'de*, *bev'erage*, *fla'vour*, *ex'cellent*, *draught* (pr. **drâft**) *to reiterate*.



A company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins (p. 60).

IX

X - - -

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the wobegone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him,

1. *On waking*. See p. 26, n. 10.
2. *Whence*, from where.
6. *Twittering*, singing in a tremulous voice, with frequent stops.
7. *To wheel*, to turn round like a wheel.
Ib. Aloft, above.
Ib. To breast, to bear the breast against.
13. *Wo-begone*, beset with woe or malediction, cursed.
19. *Firelock*, a gun in which the spark of fire is produced by the shock of a steel lock against a piece of flint.
Ib. Barrel, the long and hollow tube of the gun.
20. *The stock*, the wooden part.
22. *Roister or roisterer*, a rough, rude fellow. (Cf. Fr. *rustre.*)
Ib. Put a trick upon him, played a trick upon him, deceived him.

(*) *To breast* (*ea* as in **bread**), *occurr'ence*, *wick'ed* (sound *ed*), *excu'se* (hard *s*).

and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen. X

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity, "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen : he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it—leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and

9. *Gambol*, sport, amusement.
10. *To demand*, to ask with authority, to claim.
12. *Wanting in*, lacking, deficient in, deprived of.
13. *To agree with*, to suit, to be good for.
14. *Frolic*, game, amusement
15. *A blessed time*, a humorous antiphrasis. Rip thinks he will have a very unpleasant time when he gets home after having been out for the night.
22. *To babble*, to talk like a baby.
23. *To make shift*, to manage more or less awkwardly.
25. *Witch-hazel*, a tree resembling a hazel or wild nut-tree, but that bears no nuts.

(*) *To dose* (hard **s**), *to disappe'ar* (hard **s**), *to determ'ine*, *to revis'it*, *to demand'*, *rheu'matism* (pr. **roomatizm**), *aston'ishment*, *sass'afras*

sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done?—the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and his gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

1. *To trip*, to cause to stumble and fall. *Ib. To entangle*, to twist into a *tangle* (a knot of things united confusedly).

2. *Tendril*, a slender shoot by which a plant attaches itself for support.

10. *A sheet of feathery foam*, a waterfall or cascade.

Ib. Fell into. — Grammar : Notice the difference between *in* and *into* : the torrent came tumbling **in** a sheet and fell *into* a basin.

13. *A stand*, a stop.

17. *Scoff at*, laugh at, make fun of.

19. *Grieved*, felt grief, was sorry.

21. *It would not do*, it would be very undesirable thing.

22. *Shouldered*, put on his should Cp. : *Shoulder arms!*

(*) ***Impen'etrable, perplex'ity, to fam'ish, to dread*** (*ead* = **ed** in **bed**), ***anxi'ety.***

X

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same—when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows

3. *Somewhat*, a little, rather.

10. *Stroked*, rubbed gently.

15. *The skirts*, the border, the extreme part, sometimes *the outskirts*.

17. *To hoot after*, to shout at in scorn.

19. *Barked at him*, against him. — Grammar : Notice the use of *at* here and in the preceding sentence to denote an aggressive motion.

20. *The very village*, the village itself.

Ib. Altered, changed.

24. *Haunt*, a familiar place. (Cf. Fr. *hanter.*)

(*) ***To accust'om, inva'riably. invol'untarily, to rec'ognize, pop'ulous, haunt*** (pr. **hânnt**).

—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently

2. *His mind misgave him*, failed him, was filled with fear.
3. *Bewitched*, under the influence of witches.
6. *Dale* or *vale*, valley.
9. *Addled*, made sick, turned upside down, topsy-turvy.
13. *Shrill*, piercing.
14. *Gone to decay*, fallen away in ruins.
15. *Shattered*, broken so that the pieces are *scattered*.
16. *Hinge*, the hook or joint on which a door *hangs* and turns.
18. *Snarled*, from *to snarl*, to growl.
19. *An unkind cut*, a cruel blow.
23. *Neat*, well kept, tidy. (Cf. Fch. *net*.)
24. *Forlorn*, forsaken, empty.

(*) Preci'sely (hard s), diffi'culty, to appro'ach, hinge ($g = j$), appar'ently.



He fonnd the house gone to decay (p. 68).

abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

XI

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strànge and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many

2. *Connubial*, conjugal.

8. *Resort* = haunt. (See above, p. 33, n. 24.)

9. *Rickety*, affected with *rickets* (softness and c urvature of the bones). Cf. Fch. *rachitique*.

10. *To gape*, to open the mouth wide.

15. *Of yore*, of *years* gone by, of old times.

16. *To rear*, used in the etymological sense of : *to raise*, to erect.

17. *A red night-cap*, the Phrygian cap, used as a Republican emblem.

19. *Stars and stripes*, the thirteen stars and thirteen lines of the American flag of that time. Now, the number of stars, which corresponds to the number of states in the Union, has been raised to forty-eight, but the number of stripes is still thirteen (alternately red and white) in remembrance of the Thirteen States who united to declare their independence in 1776.

24. *Ruby*, red as a ruby.

(*) ***Des'olateness*** (hard **s**), ***connu'bial, na'ked*** (sound **ed**), ***assem'blage*** (*ss* = **z**), ***to rec'ognize.***

a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of hand-bills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and

5. *A cocked hat*, a three cornered hat.

11. *To bustle*, to hurry.

13. *Drowsy*, sleepy.

15. *To utter*, to send out; usually, to speak.

17. *Doling forth*, dealing out (distributing) in small portions. (Cf. *Curfew*, p. 55, n. 2.)

20. *Hand-bills*, printed advertisements put into the hands of passers-by.

22. *Congress*, the federal legislature (legislative body) of the United States, consisting of the *House of Senators* and the *House of Representatives.*

23. *Bunker's Hill*, near Boston, is the place where the first battle between the English and the colonists during the Independence War was fought, June 17, 1775. Although the Americans were driven from the heights of Bunker's Hill, it was only after a desperate struggle.

23. *Heroes of seventy-six*, the delegates in Congress, whodo pted, on he 4th of July 1776, a slaemn D eclaration of Independenceo

(*) ***Sing'ularly, to metamor'phose. sword*** (pr. **sord**), ***sceptre*** (pr. **sep'ter**), ***to recollect', disputa'tious, con'gress.***

other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

XII

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians.

They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen

2. *Bewildered*, perplexed, astonished. Fch. *effaré*.
12. *On which side.* — Grammar : *Which* is used to ask for the name of a person, animal or thing to be *chosen* out of several.
13. *Vacant*, empty of thought, bewildered, amazed.
16. *Federal or Democrat*, the two parties into which the Americans divided after the Declaration of Independence.
17. *Was at a loss*, was very much embarrassed, found it impossible.
18. *Knowing* (*one who knows*), full of confidence in himself.
Ib. Self important, who thought himself important.
23. *Akimbo*, with hand on hip and elbow bent outward.

(*) **Babylo'nish, bewild'ered, curios'ity** (hard **s**), **to bustle** (mute **t**), **va'cant, Fed'eral, Dem'ocrat, akim'bo.**

eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" —"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when

5. *To breed*, to bring forth, to cause.
Ib. Riot, uproar, tumult.
7. *To dismay*, to deprive of strength or courage through fear, to terrify.
8. *Loyal*, faithful to one's sovereign.
9. *God bless him*, for *May* God bless him.
11. *A tory*, a conservative in English politics. Here, a royalist, one who still considers himself as a loyal subject of King George III.
11. *To hustle*, to shake to and fro with violence.
15. *Tenfold*, lit., ten times folded, ten times more, here, very great.
16. *Culprit* (one *culpable* or *in fault*), a guilty person, a criminal.
18. *Merely*, simply.
20. *To keep*, to stay, to remain.
22. *To bethink one's self*, to consider
25. *When*, and then.

(*) **Auste're, ri'ot, alas', refuge'e, cul'prit.**

an old man replied in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stony Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

1. *Piping*, shrill and feeble.
2. *Why*, exclamatory = *ah*, *well*!
2. *Dead and gone*. Cp. Fch. *mort et enterré*.
9. *Storming*. *To storm*, to assault.
Ib. *Stony Point*, a town in the state of New York, where a bloody battle was fought in 1779 between the English and the Americans.
10. *Antony's Nose*, a promontory. Cf. *Blanc-Nez*, *Gris-Nez*.
14. *The militia*, the raw men hastily levied by Washington, who did wonders against the English veterans.
25. *To be sure*, surely, certainly.
Ib. *That's Rip van Winkle*. — Grammar: *That* indicates distance in space or time; *this* indicates proximity. Cf. Fch, *voilà*, *voici*.
26. *Yonder*, there, at a distance.

(*) *Tomb'stone* (mute **b**), *Ant'ony*, *milit'ia* (pr. **milish'a**),

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

XIII

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some

2. *As he went up*, such as he was when he went up.
8. *Demanded*, from *to demand*, to ask with authority.
11. *At his wit's end*, not knowing what to think or say.
13. *Somebody else got into my shoes*, somebody else (who has) got into my shoes, who has taken my place.
20. *To wink*, to move the eyelids quickly, as a hint (an allusion).
22. *To secure*, to make safe, to take.
23. *Mischief*, evil, harm, damage. (O. Fch. *meschef*.)
24. *Suggestion*, a hint, a proposal.
Ib. *Self-important*. See p. 38, n. 18, *Ib*.

(*) *Preci'se* (hard **s**), *appar'ently*, *ragg ed* (sound **ed**), *ident'ity* (first **i** as in **mine**), *signif'icantly*, *mis'chief*.

precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too died but a short time since;

2. *Comely*, pleasing, graceful.

Ib. Throng, a great number of people *pressed* together, a crowd.

3. *To get a peep*, to cast a glance, to look. *To peep*, to look through a narrow space, slyly. Fr. *piper*, to chirp like a bird (said of a bird-catcher), to beguile; whence, *to peep* = to look out slyly.

4. *Chubby*, plump, fat.

Ib. A child which. — **Grammar** : In English, *gender follows sex*, expressed or implied, when no sex is specified, as here, the *neuter* gender is used.

5. *Hush*, silence! be still!

9. *Train*, a line, a series.

15. *It's twenty years since he went.* — **Grammar** : *It is... since* (or *it will be... since*, or *it would be... since*) when followed by a verb, is always followed by the preterite.

22. *Faltering*, trembling, irresolute.

24. *A short time since*, a short time ago. — **Grammar** : *Ago*, *back* or *since*

(*) *Ju'dith. blood* (*óo* = **u** *in* **but**).

she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

XIV

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field,

are often placed *after* expressions measuring time past. *A short time ago* (or *since*) is equivalent to *It is a short time ago* (or *since*).

1. *A fit of passion*, an outburst of anger.

2. *Pedler* or *pedlar*, one who carries about goods for sale on his back.

4. *Intelligence*, news.

10. *Amazed*, astonished, confused; lit., in a *maze* (labyrinth).

11. *To totter*, to go unsteadily.

12. *Peering* = peeping.

19. *As one night.* — **Grammar** : Notice the emphatic form of the numeral *one* used here instead of the indefinite *an* (or *a*).

23. *Self-important*, who thought himself important.

24. *Was over*, was finished.

(*) *Intell'igence, to conta'in, wel'come, alarm'.*

screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon*; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch

1. *To screw*, to twist. *A screw*, une vis. (Cf. Fch. *écrou.*)
9. *Account*, history.
16. *Handed down*, transmitted.
21. *To keep vigil*, to keep watch.
22. *Crew*, a ship's company (or sailors).
Ib. The Half-moon, the name of Hudson's ship. In Hudson's last voyage of discovery (1611), his crew rose in mutiny, put him into a boat with his son and a few sailors, and left them in the midst of the ocean. They never appeared again.
25. *The great city* called *Hudson* is really a small manufacturing town of about 10 000 inhabitants, in the state of New-York.

(*) *To determ'ine, to advan'ce, to affirm', discov'erer, ent'erprise.*

dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for her husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

XV

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being

6. *Broke up*, parted, separated.
7. *Concerns*, interest, business.
8. *Snug*, close and warm, comfortable.
9. *Cheery* or *cheerful*, with a lively face, joyful.
13. *Ditto*, the copy.
18. *To resume*, to take up again—after interruption.
19. *Crony*, an old and intimate companion.
21. *The wear and tear*, loss by wear or use.
Ib. He preferred making friends. — Grammar : The present participle is used after *to prefer, to like, to dislike, to detest, to avoid.*

(*) *Concern', hered'itary* (mute h), *to resu'me, cro'ny,*

arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war". It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

4. *Patriarchs.* — **Grammar** : Nouns ending in ch add *es* in the plural if *ch* is soft (*church*, pl. *churches*), and *s* only if *ch* is hard, as in *patriarch*.

7. *Track*, path, course. (Cf. Fr. *traquer*).

11. *Yoke*. the frame of wood joining the heads of oxen for drawing.

18. *To groan*, to utter a moaning sound in distress or grief.

22. *To dread*, to fear.

(*) ***Impu'nity reg'ular, to comprehend', revolu'tionary, spe'cies*** (pr. **spē'shēs**), ***matrim'ony, tyr'anny, deliv'erance.***

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon, about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

6. *To settle down*, to become fixed or stationary. *Settled down to*, took the final form of.

8. *To pretend*, to affect, to feign.

10. *Out of his head*, out of his mind.

12. *Flighty*, fanciful, giddy. (Cf. *flight* and *to fly*.)

14. *This day*, to-day. See p. 40, n. 25, *Ib.*

15. *Of an afternoon* = on an afternoon.

19. *When life hangs heavy on their hands*, when they find life hard to bear, as Rip did.

(*) ***Stra'nger, dou'btless*** (mute b), ***univers'ally, draught*** (pr. **drâft**), ***flag'on.***

NAMGAY DOOLA

by

RUDYARD KIPLING.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

B. 1865.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling was born in India in 1865. He belonged to an especially gifted family. His father, a sculptor, who became in 1875 the Director of the Art Museum at Lahore, was then a teacher at the Bombay School of Art. His mother could write charming verse. His two grandfathers had been Wesleyan ministers in the North of England. And two of his mother's sisters were to marry the two great idealistic painters Sir Edward Poynter and Sir Edward Burne Jones[1]. The boy was poetically called Rudyard from the name of the lake in Staffordshire where his father and mother had met for the first time.



RUDYARD KIPLING.

Rudyard was educated in England, but returned in 1880 to India, where he soon began to contribute verses,

1. See, page 190, a photographic print of *King Cophetua*, by Burnes Jones.

tales and articles to the newspapers. Then he travelled in China, Japan, America, South Africa, New Zealand and Australia, married in London an American lady, the sister of one of his friends, lived for seven years in the United States, went to South Africa again just before the Boer War and came back to England, where he at last made his home in Sussex (1900).

In the meantime, the young writer, whose first manner, though vivid and strong, was also at times unpleasantly brutal and realistic, developed a riper and more refined style. Besides, the knowledge of the world he had gained at first hand while travelling had made him realize both the greatness and the failings of the British Empire, and he had little by little set himself to the purpose of doing all he could to bring his countrymen up to the level of a truly "Imperial Race", strong enough to bear "the White Man's Burden" worthily. He was hardly thirty when the whole Anglo-Saxon world hailed him as a great moral teacher and respectfully listened to his manly lessons. Indeed, some of his poems, especially *The Ballad of East and West* and the beautiful *Recessional* of the 1897 Jubilee, fully deserved the respect and admiration with which they were received. They probably won for Kipling in 1907 the Nobel Prize which Sully-Prudhomme had received a few years before.

But Mr. Kipling's later and more serious works should not make us forget his earlier and lighter vein, when he was mainly a teller of tales, and contented himself with giving the world his sketches of exotic life, in India and elsewhere, his impressions of the Jungle and the barrack-room, his stories of civil servants, Buddhist monks, elephants and British soldiers. *Namgay Doola* is one of the very best specimens of the author's first method. It is taken from a collection of similar tales, printed under the title of *Mine Own People* (or *Life's Handicap*) and published for the first time about 1885. It shows

Mr. Kipling's great powers as a black and white artist: his bold and graphic style, his keenness of observation, his talent for caricature and his sympathy with his models. But *Namgay Doola* is not only a capital short story. A good deal of its interest undoubtedly comes from the light it throws on the life of those distant parts where East and West meet, "on the road to Thibet, very many miles in the Himalaya mountains."

Questions.

1. State what you know about Rudyard Kipling's family.
2. Where was he educated and where did he live between 1880 and 1900?
3. What ideas and feelings does he express in his more serious works, especially in some of his poems?
4. What country and what characters does he chiefly describe in his short stories?

Home work

1. What is a *rajah*? How does Kipling show the pride and the poverty of Namgay Doolah's rajah?
2. Sum up the grievances of the rajah against Namgay Doola. Why does he not punish him?
3. Why is the rajah interested in the timber trade? How is Namgay Doola connected with it?
4. What is the last and worst offence of Namgay Doola? What are its consequences?
5. How does it appear, little by little, that Namgay Doola is the son of an Irish soldier?
6. What is the way in which the rajah ultimately wins him over to his side?

NAMGAY DOOLA.

[The scene of *Namgay Doola* is the mountainous northern part of India, *the Hills*, as the Himalayas are called by the natives, in opposition to *the Plains*, in the South. Near the river Ganges are the Lower Hills; the "true Hills" are farther North. "These are the true Hills!... Oh! the Hills, and the snow upon the Hills, the long peaceful snow-line of the Himalayas where from east to west across hundreds of miles, ruled as with a ruler, the last of the bold birches stop!" (R. Kipling, *Kim*, passim.) We seldom think of eternal snow, huge rocks and green birch-forests when we try to picture India to ourselves. But "the Hills" are a strangely fascinating country; Hill men never feel really at home in the Plains where "there are always too many people", and Europeans when tired and depressed by the relaxing climate of Calcutta Bombay and the other towns in the Dekkan, resort to the bracing Hills to spend the Summer. "Who goes to the Hills goes to his mother", says a Hindoo proverb. And Mr. Kipling, as most Anglo-Indians would, really describes them with a kind of filial tenderness.

In the Hills as well as in the Plains, the English govern about one-fourth of India with the help of the native kings or *rajahs*. Under the control of the Viceroy and of a carefully selected body of English officials who constitute the Indian Civil Service, the *rajahs* have retained a few of their former rights and a good many of their traditional privileges. They are allowed to lay and levy certain taxes, to keep a small bodyguard, to judge their subjects and punish them in the case of petty offences and within certain bounds, and they are treated by the English officials with proper respect. This clever way of gaining the *rajahs*, which may be traced back to Dupleix, together with the submissive attitude of the mass of the Indian people towards their own aristocracy,

accounts for the establishment of the English rule over India and for some of its most important characteristics.

It will be useful for us to keep the above few points in mind when Mr. Kipling introduces us to *Namgay Doola*, his country and his king.]

ONCE upon a time there was a king who lived on the road to Thibet, very many miles in the Himalaya Mountains. His kingdom was 11.000 feet above the sea and exactly four miles square, but most of the miles stood on end, owing to the nature of the country. His revenues were rather less than £400 yearly, and they were expended on the maintenance of one elephant and a standing army of five men. He was tributary to the Indian Government, who allowed him certain sums for keeping a section of the Himalaya-Thibet road in repair. He further increased his revenues by selling timber to the

1. *Once upon a time*, **the traditional opening phrase of all tales.**
2. *Thibet*, **often spelt *Tibet*, the northern part of the Himalayas, on** the Chinese side.
3. *the Himalaya Mountains*. **Literally, *Himalaya* means, "the Dwelling-place of Snow."**
4. *four miles square*. **A *mile* is about 1610 French metres.**
5. *stood on end*, were standing up on one of their ends, were perpendicular.
Ib. owing to, as a consequence of.
6. *revenues*, the income of a state.
Ib. *£400*, 400 pounds sterling, about 10.000 francs.
7. *expended*. To *expend* is a doublet of to *spend*. Private money is *spent*, **public funds are *expended*.** The contrast is very nicely kept between the poverty of the king and the official language used when writing of him or his four-mile-square dominions. — Notice the use of *on* after such verbs as *to spend* or *to expend*.
Ib. the maintenance, the keeping. To *maintain*, to keep, to support. Ex.: This workman *maintains* his family on a salary of four shillings a day.
8. *one elephant*, only *one*.
Ib. a standing army, a permanent army.
10. *for keeping... in repair*, for repairing it when necessary.
11. *further*, also.
12. *timber*, wood for building houses, ships, etc.

Pronunciation. — *Nam'gay Doo'la* (pr. Doo'lah), *Thibet'* (pr. Tib'et or Tibet'), *Himal'aya, rev'enue, ma'intenance, el'ephant, trib'utary.*

railway companies, for he would cut the great deodar trees in his own forest and they fell thundering into the Sutlej River and were swept down to the Plains, 300 miles away, and became railway ties. Now and again this king, whose name does not matter, would mount a ring-streaked horse and ride scores of miles to Simlatown to confer with the lieutenant-governor on matters of state, or to assure the viceroy that his sword was at the service of the queen-empress. Then the viceroy would cause a ruffle of drums to be sounded, and the ring-streaked horse and the cavalry of the state—two men in tatters—and the herald who bore the Silver Stick

1. *he would cut,* he was in the habit of cutting. Cp. *would mount,* line 6.

2. *the great deodar trees.* The *deodar* (literally, *timber of the gods*) is an Indian cedar.

3. *the Sutlej River,* a tributary of the Indus, rises in Thibet and runs down through the valley of Simla. The Sutlej River is one of the five rivers of the *Punjab,* — *i. e.,* (the country of) *five rivers,* — all of which are tributaries to the Indus.

Ib. swept, carried swiftly.

4. *the Plains,* see introductory note to *Namgay Doola,* p. 44.

5. *railway-ties,* the pieces of timber placed across the rails to tie (bind) them together.

6. *a ring-streaked horse,* a horse streaked with rings, like a zebra. A *streak,* a line. (Cp. a *stroke* of the pen.)

7. *scores of miles. A score,* twenty.

Ib. Simlatown, in the N. W. of India (Punjab) at the foot of the Himalayas, the chief summer resort of the Anglo-Indian world (13.200 inhabitants), — about 6.000 feet above the level of the sea.

Ib. to confer, to discuss. Cp. a *conference,* a discussion; what we call *conférence* in French is called a *lecture* in English.

8. *the lieutenant-governor,* the high official at the head of the Indian Civil Service in the Punjab, in residence at Simlatown during the summer. The Simla Hill States are governed by their *rajahs* under the superintendance of the deputy-commissioner of Simla, subordinate to the commissioner of Delhi, himself under the lieutenant-governor of the Punjab. The population of the Punjab is about 23 million inhabitants.

10. *the queen-empress,* Queen Victoria (1837-1901). She took the title of *Empress of India* on January 1, 1877.

Ib. would cause, would order. See n. 1, above.

11. *a ruffle of drums,* a low roll of drums (to mark the end of the interview).

13. *in tatters,* with torn clothes, in rags.

Pronunciation. — *Deodar′, to confer′, lieuten′ant* (pr. **leften′ant**), *gov′ernor, vi′ceroy, sword* (pr. **sord**), *her′ald.*



Bourne and Shepherd, Reigate.

The *Hills* rom Simlatown.

before the king would trot back to their own place, which was between the tail of a heaven-climbing glacier and a dark birch forest.

Now from such a king, always remembering that he possessed one veritable elephant, and could count his descent for 1200 years, I expected, when it was my fate to wander through his dominions, no more than mere license to live.

The night had closed in, rain and rolling clouds blotted out the lights of the villages in the valley. Forty miles away, untouched by cloud or storm, the white shoulder of Donga Pa—the Mountain of the Council of the Gods—upheld the evening star. The monkeys sang sorrowfully to each other as they hunted for dry roots in the fern-draped trees, and the last puff of the day-wind brought from the unseen villages the scent of damp wood smoke, hot cakes, dripping undergrowth, and rotting pine cones. That smell is the true smell of the Himalayas, and if it once gets into the blood of a man he will,

1. *place*, country.

2. *the tail of a heaven-climbing glacier*, the extremity of a glacier which seemed to ascend (climb) the heavens. — In *heaven-climbing*, we have *heaven* and not *heavens* because nouns used as adjectives become invariable.

3. *a dark birch forest*, see introductory note to *Namgay Doola*, p. 44.

6. *his descent*, his ancestors, his genealogy.

8. *mere license*, nothing but permission.

9. *closed in*, fallen.

10. *blotted out the lights*, hid the lights by covering them with blots. Cp. a *blot* of ink, *blotting*-paper.

14. *as*, while.

15. *fern-draped*, clad with fern. — This passage may remind some readers of the parts of the *Jungle Books* in which Kipling describes in his inimitable manner the life of the Indian forest and of all its inhabitants, — among whom the monkeys, forming the Bandar-Log tribe, play a very important part.

18. *dripping undergrowth*. Small plants of all kinds *grow under* the trees; in wet weather, this undergrowth is *dripping*: it yields to the ground, drop by drop, the water it has received from the trees above.

Pronunciation. — *Cli'mbing* (mute b), *glac'ier, to possess'* (pr. *pozess'*), *descent', li'cense, cou'ncil.*

at the last, forgetting everything else, return to the Hills to die. The clouds closed and the smell went away, and there remained nothing in all the world except chilling white mists and the boom of the Sutlej River.

*

A fat-tailed sheep, who did not want to die, bleated lamentably at my tent-door. He was scuffling with the prime minister and the director-general of public education, and he was a royal gift to me and my camp servants. I expressed my thanks suitably and inquired if I might have audience of the king. The prime minister readjusted his turban—it had fallen off in the struggle—and assured me that the king would be very pleased to see me. Therefore I despatched two bottles as a foretaste, and when the sheep had entered upon another incarnation, climbed up to the king's palace through the wet. He had sent his army to escort me, but it stayed to talk with my cook. Soldiers are very much alike all the world over.

1. *at the last*, at the last period of his life.

2. *closed*, came *close* to one another and so covered the sky.

4. *chilling*, from *to chill*, to seize with cold.

Ib. boom, a hollow sound, like that of a *bomb*. Both words have the same imitative origin.

7. *scuffling*, from *to scuffle*, to push and pull, to move confusedly. Cp. *to shuffle* (Don't shuffle your feet!)

8. *the prime minister*, etc., another instance of Kipling's humour. See n. 7, p. 45.

10. *suitably*, in a proper manner, probably in the highly poetical and oratorical style of the East. See some specimens of it, p. 50, l. 16, sqq.

16. *when the sheep had entered upon another incarnation*, when the sheep had been killed, — an allusion to the Buddhistic belief in the transmigration of souls from one body to another. According to this doctrine, death is only the beginning of a new period of life in another incarnation.

19. *very much alike*, very much *like* one another, very similar.

Ib. all the world over, all over the world, throughout the whole world.

Pronunciation. — *Lam'entably, min'ister, direct'or, su'itably, a for'etaste, so'ldier.*

The palace was a four-roomed, whitewashed mud-and-timber house, the finest in all the Hills for a day's journey. The king was dressed in a purple velvet jacket, white muslin trousers, and a saffron-yellow turban of price. He gave me audience in a little carpeted room opening off the palace courtyard, which was occupied by the elephant of state. The great beast was sheeted and anchored from trunk to tail, and the curve of his back stood out against the sky-line.

The prime minister and the director-general of public instruction were present to introduce me; but all the court had been dismissed lest the two bottles aforesaid should corrupt their morals The king cast a wreath of heavy, scented flowers round my neck as I bowed, and inquired how my honoured presence had the felicity to be. I said that through seeing his auspicious countenance the mists of the night had turned into sunshine, and that by reason of his beneficent sheep his good deeds would be remembered by the gods. He said that since I had

1. *four-roomed*, a compound adjective. Cp. *blue-eyed, one-legged.*
Ib. whitewashed, from *to whitewash*, to make a wall or a ceiling *white* with a *wash* made of lime and water.
3. *for a day's journey*, at a day's journey all round.
6. *opening off.* Fch. *ouvrant sur, donnant sur.*
7. *the palace courtyard*, the court of honour.
Ib. of state, of parade.
8. *sheeted* and *anchored*, covered and fastened.
9. *stood out*, projected.
13. *dismissed*, from *to dismiss*, to send away.
14. *lest... should.* After *lest* (= for fear), *should* is used.
Ib. aforesaid, said before (the two bottles sent as a foretaste. See p. 49, line 15).
Ib. their morals, their manners (Cp. Fch. *mœurs*).
15. *a wreath*, a garland.
17. *my honoured presence*, my honoured person.
18. *through seeing*, by seeing, at the sight of.

Pronunciation. — *To whi'tewash, court'yard, to in'troduce, to dismiss', afor'esaid, to corrupt', mor'als, felic'ity, sun'shine, benef'icent.*

set my magnificent foot in his kingdom the crops would probably yield 70 per cent. more than the average. I said that the fame of the king had reached to the four corners of the earth, and that the nations gnashed their teeth when they heard daily of the glories of his realm and the wisdom of his moon-like prime minister and lotus-eyed director-general of public education.

Then we sat down on clean white cushions, and I was at the king's right hand. Three minutes later he was telling me that the condition of the maize crop was something disgraceful, and that the railway companies would not pay him enough for his timber. The talk shifted to and fro with the bottles. We discussed very many quaint things, and the king became confidential on the subject of government generally. Most of all he dwelt on the shortcomings of one of his subjects, who, from what I could gather, had been paralysing the executive.

*

"In the old days," said the king, "I could have

2. *70 per cent.* This statistical hint at the end of the king's pompous words of welcome reminds us both of the importance of the crop in India and of the growth of modernism even in the Himalayas.
5. *gnashed their teeth*, ground their teeth (for jealousy).
7. *lotus-eyed*, with lotus-coloured eyes. Lotus flowers are blue.
11. *maize*, or Indian corn, is the chief cereal grown in India.
12. *something disgraceful*, a set phrase; *disgraceful*, shameful.
14. *The talk shifted to and fro*, the conversation followed the bottles, which passed *from* one talker *to* another; at the same time its subject changed.
15. *quaint*, odd, unexpected.
17. *Most of all*, above all, chiefly.
Ib. the shortcomings, the faults.
18. *from what I could gather*, from what I could understand (by putting together all they said about him).
19. *the executive* (power).

Pronunciation. — *To gnash* (g silent), *realm* (pr. relm), *lo'tus, cush'ion* (pr. coosh'un), *disgra'ceful to discuss', to par'alyze, exec'utive.*

ordered the elephant yonder to trample him to death. Now I must e'en send him seventy miles across the hills to be tried, and his keep for that time would be upon the state. And the elephant eats everything."

"What be the man's crimes, Rajah Sahib?" said I.

"Firstly, he is an 'outlander', and no man of mine own people. Secondly, since of my favour I gave him land upon his coming, he refuses to pay revenue. Am I not the lord of the earth, above and below— entitled by right and custom to one-eighth of the crop? Yet this devil, establishing himself, refuses to pay a single tax....and he brings a poisonous spawn of babes."

"Cast him into jail," I said.

"Sahib," the king answered, shifting a little on the cushions, "once and only once in these forty years sickness came upon me so that I was not able

1. *yonder*, (adv.) there.
Ib. to trample him to death, to trample him dead, — to kill him by trampling him. To *trample*, to tread under foot.
2. *e'en*, for even.
3. *tried*, judged. Cp. a *trial*, a judicial examination.
Ib. keep, maintenance. See n. 7, *Ib.*, p. 45.
4. *upon the state*, at the expense of the state.
Ib. the elephant eats everything, — so that the state, burdened by its terrific appetite, cannot bear other expenses.
6. *What be*, for what *are*, an archaic form, used here to add to the solemnity of the style.
Ib. Rajah Sahib, my Lord the King. *Rajah* is used for princes of Hindu race; for Mohammedans, *Nabob* is generally preferred. (*Maharajah* = great rajah.) — *Sahib* is the title by which, all over India, Europeans are addressed by the natives (= Sir). It is also affixed to the name or office of a European, e. g. *Colonel Sahib*, and to that of native men of rank, as above: *Tipu Sahib, Rajah Sahib.*
8. *an outlander*, a foreigner.
9. *of my favour*, by my benevolence.
15. *spawn*, breed. The word is here used in contempt; it is only applied, as a rule, to the eggs of fishes and amphibians. Cp. Fch. *engeance*.
18. *in these forty years*, in the last forty years; — an idiomatic English form equivalent to Fch. *depuis...*

Pronunciation. — *Raj'ah, Sah'ib, to refu'se, dev'il.*

to go abroad. In that hour I made a vow to my God that I would never again cut man or woman from the light of the sun and the air of God, for I perceived the nature of the punishment. How can I break my vow? Were it only the lopping off of a hand or a foot I should not delay. But even that is impossible now that the English have rule. One or another of my people"—he looked obliquely at the director-general of public education—"would at once write a letter to the viceroy, and perhaps I should be deprived of that ruffle of drums."

He unscrewed the mouthpiece of his silver water-pipe, fitted a plain amber one, and passed the pipe to me. "Not content with refusing revenue," he continued, "this outlander refuses also the beegar" (this is the corvee or forced labour on the roads), "and stirs my people up to the like treason. Yet he is, if he so wills, an expert log-snatcher. There is

1. *to go abroad*, to go out.
2. *to cut ... from*, to separate, to deprive.
5. *Were it*, for *if* it were. The preterite subjunctive of *to be* is still found in some set phrases such as *if it were, if I were, as it were*.
Ib. the lopping off, the cutting. — *To lop* is generally used when speaking of the top and extreme parts of a tree.
7. *rule*, power. Cp. *to rule* over a country, *a ruler*.
11. *that ruffle of drums*. See line 11, p. 46, and note. — An instructive passage about English methods in India and the power of the native princes.
12. *He unscrewed*, from *to unscrew*, contrary of *to screw*. Cp. a *screw* (Fch. *écrou*), a *cork-screw*, a *screw-nail*, a *screw-driver*.
13. *water-pipe*, the Indian "narghileh."
Ib. a plain amber one, an *amber* mouthpiece instead of a silver one, and *plain* (simple) besides, to mark the difference between a Rajah and ordinary mortals.
17. *the like treason*, the same treason.
18. *if he so wills*, if he wishes so. An instance of the use of *to will*, a complete regular verb, — not to be mistaken with *I will* (pret. *I would*), which is defective.
Ib. an expert log-snatcher. Logs are big pieces of wood; when cut from the forest in the Hills, they are floated down to the Plains where they are used as timber. (See p. 45, line 11 sqq.) On the way, the logs are sometimes stopped, for instance by a piece of

Pronunciation. — *Obliq'uely, content', ex'pert.*

none better or bolder among my people to clear a block of the river when the logs stick fast."

"But he worships strange gods," said the prime minister, deferentially.

"For that I have no concern," said the king, who was as tolerant as Akbar in matters of belief. "To each man his own god, and the fire or Mother Earth for us all at the last. It is the rebellion that offends me."

"The king has an army," I suggested. "Has not the king burned the man's house and left him naked to the night dews?"

"Nay. A hut is a hut, and it holds the life of a man. But once I sent my army against him when his excuses became wearisome. Of their heads he brake three across the top with a stick. The other two men ran away. Also the guns would not shoot."

rock; they stick fast, and the river is blocked. It is then necessary that somebody should *snatch* (*i. e.* catch and take away) the logs round which all the others are entangled. This work requires a bold, clever and agile man.

5. *no concern,* no interest, no anxiety.

6. *Akbar* (*i. e.* "the Great"), Mogul Emperor of India (1542–1605), was a born Mohammedan, but showed wonderful tolerance; he sent for Portuguese missionaries in order to get reliable information about the Christian faith and even attempted to promulgate an eclectic religion of his own.

8. *the fire or Mother Earth for us all at the last,* let us be burnt or buried when we die (according to our religions). Out of a total population of less than 250 million inhabitants, there are in India about 190 million Hindus, whose religion is a kind of Brahmanism more or less influenced by Buddhism, and about 55 million Mohammedans. The Hindus burn their dead, the Mohammedans bury them.

12. *the night dews.* As we have just learnt from the third paragraph of the present tale, the nights are both very wet and very cold in the Hills.

13. *Nay,* an old form of *No.* The corresponding form for *yes* is *Aye.*

14. *my army.* Remember that it consists of five soldiers.

15. *his excuses,* his reasons for refusing both revenue and the beegar. See p. 53, lines 14-17.

16. *he brake,* for he *broke.*

Pronunciation. — *To wor'ship, deferen'tially, concern', Ak'bar, na'ked* (sound ed), *excu'se* (pr. excū'ss), *we'arisome* (hard s).

I had seen the equipment of the infantry. One-third of it was an old muzzle-loading fowling-piece with ragged rust holes where the nipples should have been; one-third a wire-bound matchlock with a worm-eaten stock, and one-third a four-bore flint duck-gun, without a flint.

"But it is to be remembered," said the king, reaching out for the bottle, "that he is a very expert log-snatcher and a man of a merry face. What shall I do to him, Sahib?"

This was interesting. The timid hill-folk would as soon have refused taxes to their king as offerings to their gods. The rebel must be a man of character.

"If it be the king's permission," I said, "I will not strike my tents till the third day and I will see this man. The mercy of the king is godlike, and rebellion is like unto the sin of witchcraft. More-

2. *and old muzzle-loading fowling piece. Fowling-pieces* are light guns for shooting *fowls* or birds. Formerly, guns were *loaded* through the *muzzle.*

3. *the nipples* (of a gun), the small openings through which the smoke escapes. (Fr. *cheminée.*)

4. *a wire-bound matchlock.* A *matchlock* is the part of a musket containing a *match* (Fch. *mêche*), for firing, and thence the musket itself. The matchlock here spoken of was so old that *wire* had been used to *bind* its different parts together.

5. *with a worm-eaten stock,* the wooden part of which was eaten by worms.

Ib. four bore flint duck-gun. The *bore* is the cavity or hollow of a gun, and the calibre of a gun is indicated by the size of its bore: a *four-bore flint duck-gun* is a *flint-gun,* of the kind used when shooting *ducks* (Fch. *canardière*), with a *four-calibred bore.*

9. *a very expert log-snatcher.* See p. 53, n. 18, *Ib.* Remember that the king has a personal interest in the timber trade.

12. *as soon... as,* no more... than.

Ib. as offerings, as (they would have refused) offerings.

14. *If it be,* for if it is, subjunctive of *to be.* See p. 52, n. 6.

15. *strike,* for strike down; *I will not strike my tents,* I will not go away.

16. *mercy,* clemency.

17. *like unto,* similar to, like; an archaic phrase.

Ib. witchcraft, the *craft* of the *witches,* the art of the sorcerers, sorcery.

Pronunciation. — *Equip'ment, in'fantry, match'lock, int'eresting, char'acter, witch'craft.*

over, both the bottles, and another, be empty."

"You have my leave to go," said the king.

*

Next morning a crier went through the state, proclaiming that there was a log-jam on the river and that it behooved all loyal subjects to clear it. The people poured down from their villages to the moist, warm valley of poppy fields, and the king and I went with them.

Hundreds of dressed deodar logs had caught on a snag of rock, and the river was bringing down more logs every minute to complete the blockade. The water snarled and wrenched and worried at the timber, while the population of the state prodded at the nearest logs with poles in the hope of easing the pressure. Then there went up a shout of "Namgay Doola! Namgay Doola!" and a large, red-haired villager hurried up, stripping off his clothes as he ran.

1. *be*, for are.
2. *my leave*, my permission.
3. *the state*, — 11.000 feet above the sea and exactly four miles square.
4. *a log-jam*, an obstruction caused by the logs. See n. 18, *Ib.*, p. 53. *A log snatcher* is also called a *jam-breaker*.
5. *it behooved*, it became, it was the duty of.
Ib. loyal, faithful, respecting the laws.
6. *poured down*, ran down the hills as water would after a heavy fall of rain.
Ib. moist, wet.
7. *poppy fields*. Poppy is grown in certain parts of India under Government supervision, as the making of opium and its sale (mainly to the Chinese market) is a Government monopoly, very similar to the French tobacco trade.
9. *dressed*, made straight, prepared for use. Cp. Fch. *dresser*, from *droit*.
10. *a snag of rock*, a projecting rock.
12. *The water snarled* (growled) *and wrenched* (pulled) *and worried* (harassed) *at* (against) *the timber*...
13. *prodded at the nearest logs*, used *prods* (*i. e. poles* or *rods*) to move the nearest logs.
14. *easing*, diminishing.
17. *stripping off*, pulling off quickly.

Pronunciation. — *To behoo've, to pour* (pr. pōr), *to comple'te, blocka'de.*

"That is he. That is the rebel," said the king. "Now will the dam be cleared."

"But why has he red hair?" I asked, since red hair among hill-folk is as uncommon as blue or green.

"He is an outlander," said the king. "Well done! Oh, well done!"

Namgay Doola had scrambled on the jam and was clawing out the butt of a log with a rude sort of a boat hook. It slid forward slowly, as an alligator moves, and three or four others followed it. The green water spouted through the gaps. Then the villagers howled and shouted and leaped among the logs, pulling and pushing the obstinate timber, and the red head of Namgay Doola was chief among them all. The logs swayed and chafed and groaned as fresh consignments from up stream battered the now weakening dam. It gave way at last in a smother of foam, racing butts, bobbing black heads, and confusion indescribable, as the river tossed everything

2. *the dam*, the log-jam.
4. *hill-folk*, hill-people. — Cp. *folk-lore*.
8. *scrambled*, from *to scramble*, to move on all-fours.
9. *and was clawing out*, and was pulling *out*, as an animal would do with its *claw*.
Ib. the butt, the end. (Cp. Fch. *bout*.)
10. *a boat hook*, Fch. *gaffe*. Cp. a button-*hook*.
12. *spouted*, sprang out with violence.
Ib. the gaps, the intervals.
13. *howled*, to utter a long, loud cry, as a wolf or a dog. (Cp. Fch. *hurler*.)
16. *chafed*, rubbed one another with violence. Etymologically, *to chafe* means to make hot by rubbing. (Fch. *chauffer*.)
17. *fresh consignments from up stream*, new floats of wood sent from the upper part of the river.
Ib. battered, beat again and again (from Fch. *battre*.)
18. *a smother*, a cloud.
19. *racing butts*, running logs.
Ib. bobbing, from *to bob*, to move up and down quickly.
20. *tossed*, threw up. — Cp. to *toss* a penny, to *toss up* for something.

Pronunciation. — *Reb'el, all'igator* (pr. al'igātur), *ob'stinate, consi'gnment* (pr. consi'nnment), *smoth'er, indescri'bable.*

before it. I saw the red head go down with the last remnants of the jam and disappear between the great grinding tree trunks. It rose close to the bank, and blowing like a grampus, Namgay Doola wiped the water out of his eyes and made obeisance to the king.

I had time to observe the man closely. The virulent redness of his shock head and beard was most startling, and in the thicket of hair twinkled above high cheekbones two very merry blue eyes. He was indeed an outlander, but yet a Thibetan in language, habit, and attire. He spoke the Lepcha dialect with an indescribable softening of the gutturals It was not so much a lisp as an accent.

"Whence comest thou?" I asked, wondering.

"From Thibet." He pointed across the hills and grinned. That grin went straight to my heart. Mechanically I held out my hand, and Namgay Doola took it. No pure Thibetan would have understood the meaning of the gesture. He went away to look for his clothes, and as he climbed back to his village I heard a joyous yell that seemed unaccount-

4. *a grampus*, a large voracious fish of the Dolphin family, common on British coast and in Arctic seas. It often attacks the whale and is called *Orca Gladiator* by naturalists. *Grampus* is derived from the Latin expression *grandis piscis*, large fish.
5. *made obeisance*, bowed in a respectful manner. Cp. *to make a courtesy, to courtesy* (or *curtsy*).
8. *his shock head and beard*, his bushy head and beard.
12. *habit*, manners.
Ib. Lepcha, see note 1, p. 66.
14. *a lisp*, a bad articulation.
15. *Whence*, from where. Cp. *hence, thence*.
17. *grinned*, from *to grin*, to show one's teeth in laughter or in scorn, here to put on a broad smile.
22. *a joyous yell*, a joyous cry, or shout.
Ib. unaccountably, strangely, for some unknown reason.

Pronunciation. — *Gram'pus, obei'sance* (pr. **obā'sans**), *to observ'e* (pr. **obzurv'**), *Lepcha* (pr. **Lepchah'**), *di'alect, unaccou'ntably.*

ably familiar. It was the whooping of Namgay Doola.

"You see now," said the king, "why I would not kill him. He is a bold man among my logs, but," and he shook his head like a schoolmaster, "I know that before long there will be complaints of him in the court. Let us return to the palace and do justice."

*

It was that king's custom to judge his subjects every day between eleven and three o'clock. I heard him do justice equitably on weighty matters of trespass, slander, and a little wife-stealing. Then his brow clouded and he summoned me.

"Again it is Namgay Doola," he said despairingly "Not content with refusing revenue on his own part, he has bound half his village by an oath to the like treason. Never before has such a thing befallen me! Nor are my taxes heavy."

A rabbit-faced villager, with a blush-rose stuck

1. *the whooping*, the war cry.
5. *he shook his head.* Cp. line 18, p. 58: I held out *my* hand, — and note the use of the possessive when speaking of the parts of the body.
7. *in the court* (of justice).
11. *weighty*, heavy, thence, important, grave. (Cp. the etymological meaning of Fch. *grave*.)
12. *trespass*, from *to trespass*, to *pass over* the limit of another person's property. (Cp. Fch. *empiéter, empiètement*.) The following notices are commonly read along English roads *: No trespassing. —Trespassers will be prosecuted.*
13. *clouded*, darkened, as if covered by a cloud.
Ib. he summoned me, he called me, he commanded me to appear.
16. *an oath*, a solemn promise.
17. *befallen*, — *fallen by* (or *upon*).
18. *Nor are my taxes heavy.* In the meaning of *and not*, *nor* is often used at the beginning of a sentence; it must then be followed by the interrogative construction. Ex. : He does not sing well, *nor do I.*
19. *a blush-rose*, a white rose, the petals of which are tinged with pink.

Pronunciation. — *Famil'iar, whoo'ping, compla'int, to return', eq'uitably, tres'pass, despa'iringly, content'.*

behind his ear, advanced trembling. He had been in Namgay Doola's conspiracy, but had told everything and hoped for the king's favour.

"O King!" said I, "if it be the king's will, let this matter stand over till the morning. Only the gods can do right in a hurry, and it may be that yonder villager has lied."

"Nay, for I know the nature of Namgay Doola; but since a guest asks, let the matter remain. Wilt thou, for my sake, speak harshly to this red-headed outlander. He may listen to thee."

I made an attempt that very evening, but for the life of me I could not keep my countenance. Namgay Doola grinned so persuasively and began to tell me about a big brown bear in a poppy field by the river. Would I care to shoot that bear? I spoke austerely on the sin of detected conspiracy and the certainty of punishment. Namgay Doola's face clouded for a moment. Shortly afterward he withdrew from my tent, and I heard him singing softly among the pines. The words were unintelligible to me, but the tune,

5. *stand over,* wait.

7. *yonder villager,* the rabbit-faced one.

9. *remain,* the usual phrase is *let the matter stand.*

11. *this red-headed outlander,* Namgay Doola.

Ib. He may listen to thee. May marks here eventual possibility, not permission: He will *perhaps* listen to thee.

13. *for the life of me,* in spite of all my efforts.

Ib. keep my countenance, keep serious.

14. *grinned.* See n. 17, p. 58.

15. *by,* near.

16. *Would I care,* Would I be inclined.

17. *detected,* from *to detect,* to find out. — Cp. a *detective,* a *detective novel.*

19. *a moment,* a very short time; the word *moment* has retained in English its etymological meaning: the smallest portion of time in which a *movement* can be made.

Ib. he withdrew, he left, from *to withdraw.*

Pronunciation. — *To advan'ce, conspir'acy, cou'ntenance, persua'sively, auste'rely, to detect', cert'ainty, to withdraw'.*

like his liquid, insinuating speech, seemed the ghost of something strangely familiar.

> Dir hane mard-i-yemen dir
> To weeree ala gee,

crooned Namgay Doola again and again, and I racked my brain for that lost tune. It was not till after dinner that I discovered some one had cut a square foot of velvet from the centre of my best camera-cloth. This made me so angry that I wandered down the valley in the hope of meeting the big brown bear. I could hear him grunting like a discontented pig in the poppy field as I waited shoulder deep in the dew-dripping Indian corn to catch him after his meal. The moon was at full and drew out the scent of the tasselled crop. Then I heard the anguished bellow of a Himalayan cow—one of the little black crummies no bigger than Newfoundland dogs. Two shadows that looked like a bear and her cub hurried past me. I was in the act of firing when I saw that each bore a brilliant red head. The lesser animal

1. *his liquid, insinuating speech,* his soft (because of his accent, see l. 12, p. 58) insinuating way of speaking.

Ib. the ghost, the phantom, the weakened image.

5. *crooned,* from *to croon,* to sing, Scotch word.

Ib. racked, tortured.

9. *camera-cloth,* a black piece of *cloth* used by photographers to over their *cameras.* The word *camra* is derived from the Latin *camra obscura,* dark chamber or box.

11. *grunting,* from *to grunt,* an imitative word. — Cp. Fch. *grogner.*

12. *shoulder deep in the dew-dripping Indian corn.* — Cp. *ankle-deep in* mud, *knee-deep in* water.

15. *the tasselled crop,* the maize crop. The heavy ears of maize are called *tassels.*

17. *crummies,* cows (a Scotch word).

Ib. Newfoundland. — Cp. Fch. *Terre-Neuve.*

18. *a bear and her cub,* a she-bear and her young one.

19. *past me,* near me.

Ib. I was in the act of firing, I was going to fire.

Pronunciation. — *Insin'uating, to discov'er, cam'era, disconten'ted, shou'lder, an'guished.*

was trailing something rope-like that left a dark track on the path. They were within six feet of me, and the shadow of the moonlight lay velvet-black on their faces. Velvet-black was exactly the word, for by all the powers of moonlight they were masked in the velvet of my camera-cloth. I marvelled and went to bed.

Next morning the kingdom was in uproar. Namgay Doola, men said, had gone forth in the night and with a sharp knife had cut off the tail of a cow belonging to the rabbit-faced villager who had betrayed him. It was sacrilege unspeakable against the holy cow! The state desired his blood, but he had retreated into his hut, barricaded the doors and windows with big stones, and defied the world.

The king and I and the populace approached the hut cautiously. There was no hope of capturing our man without loss of life, for from a hole in the wall projected the muzzle of an extremely well-cared-for gun—the only gun in the state that could shoot. Namgay Doola had narrowly missed a villager just before we came up.

1. *rope-like*, like a rope.
3. *velvet-black*, with a colour like black velvet.
5. *by all the powers of moonlight*, in the name of all the powers of moonlight.
6. *I marvelled*, I wondered. Notice that neither of these verbs is reflexive.
8. *in uproar*, in noise and tumult, in great confusion.
9. *gone forth*, gone forward, gone out.
12. *sacrilege unspeakable*, an archaic turn.
13. *the holy cow*, an allusion to the great reverence in which the cow is held by the Hindus.
Ib. desired, demanded, insisted upon having.
20. *an extremely well-cared-for gun*, an extremely well kept gun. The three guns in which the equipment of the King's infantry consisted were very ill cared for, and could not shoot. See p. 55, and notes.
21. *Namgay Doola had narrowly missed a villager*, he had nearly hit him; the villager had had a *narrow* escape.

Pronunciation. — *Within', up'roar, sac'rilege, to bar'ricade, pop'ulace, to appro'ach, extre'mely.*

The standing army stood.

It could do no more, for when it advanced pieces of sharp shale flew from the windows. To these were added from time to time showers of scalding water We saw red heads bobbing up and down within The family of Namgay Doola were aiding their sire. Blood-curdling yells of defiance were the only answer to our prayers.

"Never," said the king, puffing, "has such a thing befallen my state. Next year I will certainly buy a little cannon." He looked at me imploringly

"Is there any priest in the kingdom to whom he will listen?" said I, for a light was beginning to break upon me.

"He worships his own God," said the prime minister. "We can but starve him out."

"Let the white man approach," said Namgay Doola from within. "All others I will kill. Send me the white man."

1. *stood*, for stood still.
3. *shale*, a rock of a slaty (from *slate*) structure.
4. *scalding*, boiling, from *to scald*, to burn with hot liquid. (Fch. *échauder*).
5. *within*, inside (the hut).
6. *were aiding their sire*, were helping their father. The plural (*were, their*) is often used in English with collective nouns.
7. *Blood-curdling yells*, yells (shouts) fit to make the blood curdle. *To curdle*, to thicken, to congeal.
9. *puffing*, from *to puff* (an imitative word), to blow as an expression of scorn or anger.
Ib. Never... has such a thing befallen my state. The interrogative construction is used when an adverb is emphatically placed at the beginning of a clause. *Befallen*, fallen upon.
14. *to break*, to appear. (Cp. *day-break*, at *break* of day.)
16. *We can but starve him out*, we can only get him out (of his hut) by starving him. *To starve*, to refuse food.

Pronunciation. — *To advan'ce, blood (pr. blŭd), defi'ance, to wor'ship, min'ister.*

The door was thrown open and I entered the smoky interior of a Thibetan hut crammed wit children. And every child had flaming red hair. A fresh-gathered cow's tail lay on the floor, and by its side two pieces of black velvet—my black velvet — rudely hacked into the semblance of masks.

"And what is this shame, Namgay Doola?" I asked.

He grinned more charmingly than ever. "There is no shame," said he. "I did but cut off the tail of that man's cow. He betrayed me. I was minded to shoot him, Sahib, but not to death. Indeed, not to death; only in the legs."

"And why at all, since it is the custom to pay revenue to the king? Why at all?"

"By the God of my father, I cannot tell," said Namgay Doola.

"And who was thy father?"

"The same that had this gun." He showed me his weapon, a Tower musket bearing date 1832 and the stamp of the Honourable East India Company. "And thy father's name?" said I.

1. *The door was thrown open,* the door suddenly opened wide, as an invitation for the white man to enter.
2. *crammed with,* completely filled with, crowded with.
4. *fresh-gathered,* for *freshly* (*i. e.* lately) gathered.
6. *rudely hacked,* roughly cut.
7. *this shame,* this shameful affair.
9. *He grinned.* See above, p. 58 and n. 17, other references to Namgay Doola's charming grin.
10. *I did but cut off,* I only cut off
11. *I was minded,* I was inclined *I had a mind to* is more usual.
14. *why at all,* why (were you minded to shoot him) at all?
20. *a Tower musket,* an old musket, similar to those in the Armoury (a collection of ancient armour) at the Tower of London.
21. *the Honourable East India Company.* India has been under the direct supervision of the English Crown for a short time only. Until the *Indian Mutiny* (1857), it was in the hands of the East India Company, which had received its original charter of incorporation from Elizabeth in 1600, and managed the country as a purely commercial enterprise. The East India Company kept a small army of British soldiers, — mostly of Irish birth, — who would have been killed to the last man by the Mutineers if regular English troops had not promptly come to their rescue. Namgay Doola's father had been one of the last mercenaries of the Company.

Pronunciation. — *Thib'etan, to betra'y, weap'on, Hon'ourable* (silent h).

"Timlay Doola," said he. "At the first, I being then a little child, it is in my mind that he wore a red coat."

"Of that I have no doubt; but repeat the name of thy father twice or thrice."

He obeyed, and I understood whence the puzzling accent in his speech came. "Thimla Dhula!" said he excitedly. "To this hour I worship his God."

"May I see that God?"

"In a little while—at twilight time."

"Rememberest thou aught of thy father's speech?"

"It is long ago. But there was one word which he said often. Thus, "Shun!" Then I and my brethren stood upon our feet our hands to our sides, thus."

"Even so. And what was thy mother?"

2. *it is in my mind,* it is in my memory, I remember.
3. *a red coat.* The red coat is characteristic of the English infantry, in the same way as the red trousers are of the French infantry. (Cp. *a blue jacket,* a sailor.)
6. *the puzzling accent,* see p. 58 and n. 14. Namgay Doola had learnt English from his father, who was an Irishman.
7. *Thimla Dhula,* for Timla Doola, a transcription of the Irish way of softening certain consonants.
10. *at twilight time,* at nightfall.
11. *aught,* anything. (Cp. *naught* or *nought,* nothing.)
14. *'Shun'!* for *Attention!* a word of command (corresponding to Fch. *Garde à vous!*) given to soldiers before performing an exercise or evolution. (Cp. *to stand at attention.*)
15. *brethren,* an old plural of *brother,* only used in modern English when speaking of the members of a community.
17. *Even so,* exactly.

Pronunciation. — *Exci'tedly, hour* (silent h), *twi'light.*

"A woman of the Hills. We be Lepchas of Darjiling, but me they call an outlander because my hair is as thou seest."

The Thibetan woman, his wife, touched him on the arm gently. The long parley outside the fort had lasted far into the day. It was now close upon twilight—the hour of the Angelus. Very solemnly the red-headed brats rose from the floor and formed a semi-circle. Namgay Doola laid his gun aside, lighted a little oil-lamp, and set it before a recess in the wall. Pulling back a wisp of dirty cloth, he revealed a worn brass crucifix leaning against the helmet badge of a long-forgotten East India Company's regiment "Thus did my father," he said, crossing himself clumsily. The wife and children followed suit. Then, all together, they struck up the wailing chant that I heard on the hillside :

1. *We be Lepchas of Darjiling,* we are... — The *Lepchas* are a native race of the Himalayas. *Darjiling* is a mountainous district of British India, under the lieutenant-governor of Bengal. Darjiling Town is, like Simla, a great summer resort from the heat of the plains.

5. *parley,* an interview with an enemy in war. (Cp. Fch. *parler*, *parlementer*.)

Ib. the fort, Namgay Doola's hut, defended by his old musket.

6. *close upon,* very near.

8. *brats,* children.

10. *a recess,* a part of a room formed by the *receding* of a wall, as an alcove, a niche, etc.

11. *a wisp,* a bundle.

13. *the helmet badge,* the mark or sign (of the regiment) worn by soldiers on their helmets.

15. *crossing himself clumsily,* making the sign of the cross in a clumsy manner. The majority of the Irish people are Roman Catholic and are very much attached to the practices of their Church. Thence the transmission by Namgay Doola's father to his Thibetan family of a crucifix and some Roman Catholic forms of worship which, after his death, have become strangely mixed in their minds with other memories of their red-coated ancestor : a few notes and syllables of an old song, a helmet badge, etc.

16. *followed suit,* followed his example, a set phrase.

Ib. they struck up, they began singing.

17. *the wailing chant,* the plaintive song.

Pronunciation. — Lepchas', Darjil'ing, An'gelus, sol'emnly (silent n), sem'i-circle, recess', cru'cifix, clum'sily (s = z).

Dir hane mard-i-yemen dir
To weeree ala gee.

I was puzzled no longer. Again and again they sang, as if their hearts would break, their version of the chorus of "The Wearing of the Green" :

They're hanging men and women there
For wearing of the green.

A diabolical inspiration came to me. One of the brats, a boy about eight years old—could he have been in the fields last night?—was watching me as he sang. I pulled out a rupee, held the coin between finger and thumb, and looked—only looked—at the gun leaning against the wall. A grin of brilliant and perfect comprehension overspread his porringer-like face. Never for an instant stopping the song, he held out his hand for the money and then slid the gun to my hand. I might have shot Namgay Doola dead as he chanted, but I was satis-

5. *the chorus,* the part of a song in which the company join the singer.

Ib. The Wearing of the Green, a patriotic Irish song composed at the time of O'Connell's propaganda for the eligibility of Roman Catholics to Parliament and other offices. "The Green" was then and is still, in the form of a green ribbon or a shamrock leaf, the national badge of Ireland. When the agitation in Ireland was at its height (about 1828, under King George IV.), the "wearing of the green" badge became almost seditious, and it was even rumoured that the English government would forbid it. The famous song then composed by an anonymous author was an eloquent answer to that rumour. See p. 72, sqq. the tune and words of "*The Wearin' o' the Green*", as the title is usually spelt, in imitation of the Irish pronunciation.

10. *last night,* see p. 61, l. 20, a reference to "the lesser animal".

11. *a rupee,* an Indian silver coin, worth a little more than a shilling (about 1 s. 4 d.)

14. *overspread,* spread over, covered.

15. *his porringer-like face.* A *porringer* is a small dish, generally made of metal, in which children eat porridge or milk. (Fch. *écuelle.*)

Pronunciation. — Cho'rus (pr. kō'rus), diabol'ical, rupee', thumb (silent b), porr'inger (g = dj).

fied. The inevitable blood-instinct held true. Namgay Doola drew the curtain across the recess. Angelus was over.

*

"Thus my father sang. There was much more, but I have forgotten, and I do not know the purport of even these words, but it may be that the God will understand I am not of this people and I will not pay revenue."

"And why?"

Again that soul-compelling grin. "What occupation would be to me between crop and crop? It is better than scaring bears. But these people do not understand."

He picked the masks off the floor and looked in my face as simply as a child.

"By what road didst thou attain knowledge to make those deviltries?" I said, pointing.

"I cannot tell. I am but a Lepcha of Darjiling, and yet the stuff——"

"Which thou hast stolen," said I.

"Nay, surely. Did I steal? I desired it so. The

1. *held true*, showed how true it was, proved its strength.

6. *the purport*, the meaning, the drift.

10. *that soul-compelling grin*, a grin that compels one's soul to yield, — the last of the many allusions made by the author to the charmingly insinuating ways Namgay Doola owed to his Irish descent. English writers often insist upon the difference between their own Saxon coldness and the winning manners of the Celts.

11. *would be to me*, would there be for me.

12. *scaring*, frightening.

17. *deviltries*, diabolical deeds.

Ib. pointing, showing (the masks) with the *point* of a finger.

19. *the stuff*, the velvet of the camera-cloth.

21. *Nay*, no. See n. 13, p. 54.

Ib. I desired it so, for *so much*.

Pronunciation. — *Inev'itable, pur'port, rev'enue, to compel', knowl'edge (pr. nol'edj), dev'iltry.*

stuff—the stuff. What else should I have done with the stuff?" He twisted the velvet between his fingers.

"But the sin of maiming the cow—consider that."

"O Sahib, the man betrayed me; the heifer's tail waved in the moonlight, and I had my knife. What else should I have done? The tail came off ere I was aware. Sahib, thou knowest more than I."

"That is true," said I. "Stay within the door. I go to speak to the king." The population of the state were ranged on the hillside. I went forth and spoke.

"O King," said I, "touching this man there be two courses open to thy wisdom. Thou canst either hang him from a tree—he and his brood—till there remains no hair that is red within thy land."

"Nay," said the king. "Why should I hurt the little children?"

They had poured out of the hut and were making plump obeisances to everybody. Namgay Doola

2. *He twisted*, he turned.

4. *maiming*, from *to maim*, to injure, to lame.

6. *the heifer*, the young cow.

8. *ere I was aware*, before I knew.

10. *"That is true", said I.* The author knew that Namgay Doola's impulse was beyond his control and that, when cutting a velvet mask and going out at night to maim the cow of the man who had betrayed him, he was simply repeating what his ancestors had done in similar cases and are still doing in Ireland. "Cattle-maiming" was in his blood, like grinning, shaking hands and rebelling against the king and the tax-collector.

14. *touching*, concerning.

15. *two courses*, two methods.

16. *his brood*, his children. *Brood* is generally used for birds. (Cp. *spawn*, p. 52, l. 15, generally used for fish.)

17. *no hair that is red.* Red hair is common among the Irish.

21. *plump obeisances.* Namgay Doola's children were plump (*i. e.* fat and rounded, with porringer-like faces) and their obeisances (see n. 5, p. 58) were somewhat awkward and clumsy. (Cp. Fch. *empoté*.)

Pronunciation. — *To consid'er, to range (pr. rāndj), obei'sance.*

waited at the door with his gun across his arm.

"Or thou canst, discarding their impiety of the cow-maiming, raise him to honour in thy army. He comes of a race that will not pay revenue. A red flame is in his blood which comes out at the top of his head in that glowing hair. Make him chief of thy army. Give him honour as may befall and full allowance of work, but look to it, O King, that neither he nor his hold a foot of earth from thee henceforward. Feed him with words and favour and also liquor from certain bottles that thou knowest of, and he will be a bulwark of defence. But deny him even a tuftlet of grass for his own. This is the nature that God has given him. Moreover, he has brethren——"

The state groaned unanimously.

"But if his brethren come they will surely fight with each other till they die; or else the one will always give information concerning the other Shall he be of thy army, O King? Choose."

2. *discarding*, neglecting.
6. *glowing*, from *to glow*, to shine like fire. (Fch. *rutilant*.)
7. *Give him honour as may befall*, *such* honour *as* may befall. — This passage aims in a good-humoured, way at some of the weak points of the Irish character.
8. *look to it*, pay attention to it.
9. *neither he... henceforward*, neither he nor his (family) hold from thee a foot of earth in the future.
11. *certain bottles*. Much whisky is made and drunk in Ireland.
12. *a bulwark of defence*, a bulwark (a rampart, a fortification) for thy defence, — a Biblical turn. (Cp. a tower of strength.)
Ib. deny him, refuse him.
13. *a tuftlet*, a small tuft. (Cp. Fch. *touffe*.)
20. *Choose*, choose between the two courses : either raise him to honour in thy army or hang him. — In fact, many Irish recruits enlist in the British army to escape the police after some such moonlight expedition as Namgay Doola's. They often make very good soldiers and, later, most reliable policemen.

Pronunciation. — *To discard', impi'ety; hencefor'ward, liq'uor* (pr. lik'or), *defen'ce, unan'imously*

The king bowed his head, and I said : "Come forth, Namgay Doola, and command the king's army. Thy name shall no more be Namgay in the mouths of men, but Patsay Doola, for, as thou hast truly said, I know."

Then Namgay Doola, new-christened Patsay Doola, son of Timlay Doola—which is Tim Doolan—clasped the king's feet, cuffed the standing army, and hurried in an agony of contrition from temple to temple, making offerings for the sin of the cattle-maiming.

And the king was so pleased with my perspicacity that he offered to sell me a village for £ 20 sterling. But I buy no villages in the Himalayas so long as one red head flares between the tail of the heaven-climbing glacier and the dark birch forest. I know that breed.

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1. *bowed his head* (in sign of assent).
4. *Patsay*, an Indian transcription of Patrick (Irish *Padhrig*), the name of the patron saint of Ireland. Saint Patrick's Day is kept by Irish people all over the world on the 17th of March, the anniversary of his death in 493. Saint Patrick, born in Scotland, converted the Irish to Christianity, and his name is so popular in Ireland that the typical Irishman is called Patrick, Pat or Paddy.
5. *I know*, see p. 69, line 10, and note.
6. *new-christened*, for *newly* (lately) *christened*.
7. *Tim Doolan*, for Timothy Doolan, the real name of Namgay Doola's father. *Doolan* and *Dooley* are common Irish names.
Ib. clasped, embraced.
8. *cuffed*, from *to cuff*, to strike with the open hand.
14. *so long as one red head flares*, so long as one red-haired head glows, — so long as one man of that unmanageable Irish stock remains.
16. *that breed*, that race. It is needless to say that Mr. Kipling's humour must not be taken too literally. He himself pays homage to the qualities of the Irish in another of his Indian tales, *The Mutiny of the Mavericks*, where he describes a conspiracy among Irish soldiers :
"They were, one and all, of that quaint, crooked, sweet, profoundly irresponsible and profoundly lovable race that fight like fiends, argue like children, reason like women, obey like men, and jest like their own goblins through rebellion, loyalty, want, woe or war."

Pronunciation. — *To chris'ten* (pr. kriss'en), *ag'ony, perspicac'ity.*

THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN

Pad-dy dear, and did you hear the

news that's going round? The shamrock is forbid by law to

grow on Irish ground, Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep, his

colour can't be seen, For there's a bloody law a-gin' the

wearin' o' the green. I met with Napper Tandy, and he

took me by the hand, And said, "How's poor old Ireland, And

how does she stand?" She's the most distressful country that

e - ver yet was seen, They are

hanging men and women there for wearin' o' the green.

I.

Paddy dear, and did you hear
The news that's going round?
The shamrock is forbid by law
To grow on Irish ground;
Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep,
His colour can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law agin'
The wearin' o' the green.

I met with Napper Tandy,
And he took me by the hand,
And said: "How's poor old Ireland,
And how does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country
That ever yet was seen,
They are hanging men and women there,
For wearin' o' the green.

II.

Oh! if the colour we must wear
Is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget
The blood that they have shed.
You may take the shamrock from your hat,
And cast it on the sod,
But 'twill take root and flourish still
Though under foot 'tis trod.

When law can stop the blades of grass
From growing as they grow,

3 *The shamrock*, a kind of clover; its green leaf is the national emblem of Ireland.
7. *agin'*, against.
9. *Napper Tandy*, a Dublin draper who, at the end of the XVIIIth century, tried to foment a revolt in Ireland against the English, and had to fly the country to escape the gallows.

And when the leaves in summer time
Their verdure cease to show,
Then I will change the colour
That I wear in my caubeen
But till that time, please God, I'll stick
To wearin' o' the green.

4. *caubeen,* a hat, a cap, (Irish *caibin.*) 5. *I'll stick to,* I'll continue.

Pronunciation. — Caubeen (pr. cōbe'en).

SELECTED POEMS

of

LONGFELLOW, WORDSWORTH, SCOTT,
KEATS, MOORE,
CAMPBELL, TENNYSON, KINGSLEY

LONGFELLOW

1807-1882

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is the most popular of all American poets.

He spent a long time in Europe as a student, became a great French and German scholar, and was for twenty years Professor of Modern Languages and Literatures at Harvard College, near Boston, the oldest University in America. His character was genial and gentle, and " the White Mr. Longfellow ", as he was called at the end of his life, on account of his snowy hair and beard, was universally loved and respected.



H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Longfellow wrote several long poems, among which are " *Evangeline* " (1850), a pathetic idyll about the first French settlers in North America, and " *Hiawatha* " (1855), founded on legends of the Redskins. They brought him thousands of enthusiastic readers, but his present popularity mainly rests on his shorter pieces.

Those which are given here are great favourites with all English-speaking people. They show some of

Longfellow's most striking characteristics : his lofty ideal of life, the great clearness and simplicity of his diction, his genuine sense for musical verse. He was indeed, according to Emerson's happy phrase, " a sweet and wholesome poet ".

Questions.

1. Where and when did Longfellow live?
2. What do you know of his life, his character, his personal appearance?
3. Did Longfellow write long poems? On what subjects?
4. Why are his short pieces especially popular?

Home work.

1. Do you know a poet who sang in English about a village blacksmith? Where and when was he born? What has he written?
2. What do you see when you pass by a blacksmith's workshop?
3. What is the lesson taught us by the blacksmith, according to Longfellow?
4. Describe a wind-mill. Its appearance. **Its work. A comparison with the water-mill, the steam-mill.**

The Arrow and the Song.

[No better introduction to Longfellow's poems could be found than this charming symbol. It teaches us that Time does not destroy everything : for who knows how long a stray arrow may remain in a tree, or how long a friend's heart may keep the impression, good or bad, of even one careless word?]

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

2. *I knew not*, an emphatic negation, for *I did not know*.
3. *so swiftly it flew*, it flew so swiftly that); *swiftly*, very rapidly.
4. *flight*, from the root of to *fly*.
7. *keen*, sharp, piercing.
10. *unbroke* = unbroken.

(*) ***Arr'ow*** (pr. **ăr'ô**), ***earth*** (pr. **ĕrth**) ***to breathe*** (pr. **brēthe**), ***aft'erward***, ***begin'ning***, ***heart*** (pr. **hârt**).

The Rainy Day.

[Longfellow is not a deep thinker. But he is a master of his craft; he knows to perfection how to develop a simple idea and how to lead his reader to a helpful moral. His message is so clear and direct that it appeals to everybody.]

THE DAY is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mould'ring wall,
But at ev'ry gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mould'ring Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dack and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

1. *dreary*, gloomy, sad. Notice the clever way in which Longfellow suggests dreariness and monotony by repeating the consonant *d* over and over again, in this opening line especially.

2. *weary*, worn out, tired.

3. *mouldering*, crumbling to mould or dust.

4. *gust*, a sudden blowing or *blast* of wind. See line 9.

11. *To repine*, to feel unhappy, to murmur, to complain.

(*) ***Dre'ary, we'ary, mo'uldering*** (pr. **mo'ldring**), ***to cease*** (pr. **cēēss**).

Curfew.

[In the Middle-Ages, a bell was rung at eight o'clock every evening as a signal to cover or put out all fires and lights. This custom, which was very useful at a time when wooden houses were numerous and fire a great danger, is still kept up as a picturesque memory in certain towns. The rhythm of Longfellow's poem, especially of the first stanzas, is very suggestive of the sad tolling of the curfew-bell.]

I

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers
And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quench'd is the fire:
Sound fades into silence,—
All footsteps retire.

Curfew, from. Fch. *couvre-feu*. (Cp. *kerchief*, from *couvre-chef*.)

1. *mournfully*, from to *mourn*, to grieve, to be sad (Cp. Fch. *morne*.) Cp. *mourning*, to be *in mourning*.

2. *dealing*, from to *deal*, to distribute; *dole*, grief, mourning. (Fch. *deuil*.) *Dealing its dole*, slowly sending its lamentation to every one.

5. *embers*, red-hot ashes, the remains of a dying fire. — **Grammar**: *Embers*, like *ashes*, is always used in the plural.

8. *And rest*, and rest (comes). *Rest* in here opposed to *toil*; it is a noun and means *repose*.

10. *quenched*, covered, burning low.

11. *fades into silence*, diminishes gradually and becomes silence. *Into* often marks transformation.

*) ***Sol'emnly*** (pr. **sol'emly**), ***mourn'fully*** (pr. **morn'fully**).

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all!

II

The book is completed,
And clos'd, like the day;
And the hand that has writt'n it
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies,
Forgotten they lie;
Like coals in the ashes;
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darken'd,
The hearthstone is cold.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all!

2. *hall*, a room or passage at the entrance of a house.
3. *oblivion*, state in which everything is forgotten. (Cp. Fch. *oubli*.)
4. *all*, everything.
9. *Dim*, not seen clearly, indistinct.
Ib. *fancies* (contracted from *fantasy*), images created by the poet's mind.
11. *ashes*, see note 5, p. 55.
13. *sinks into silence*. Cp. line 11, p. 55.
16. *hearthstone* or *hearth*, the stone on which the fire is made.

(*) ***Ch'amber**, **obliv'ion**, **to comple'te**, **si'lence**, **hearth'stone*** **(pr. hârth'stone).**

Daybreak.

A WIND came up out of the sea
And said, " O mists, make room for me. "

It hailed the ships and cried, " Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone. "

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, " Awake! it is the day. "

It said unto the forest, " Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out! "

It touch'd the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, " O bird, awake and sing. "

And o'er the farms, " O Chanticleer,
Your clarion blow, the day is near. "

Daybreak, the beginning of day, the time when day *breaks out*.
2. *make room for me*, disappear before me; here, *room* means *place*, *space*.
3. *hailed*, from *to hail*, to call from a distance. Cf. Fch. *héler*.
Ib. *Sail on*, continue to sail.
4. *Ye mariners*, you sailors. *Ye* is an old form of *you*,
5. *hurried*, from *to hurry*, to go quickly, to make haste.
Ib. *landward*, towards the land. The suffix *ward* (or *wards*) marks direction : *forward*, *backward*, *onward*, etc.
7. *unto*, an archaic form for *to*.
Ib. *Shout* : during the night, all is silent in the forest; its thousand noises begin again at daybreak.
8. *Hang... out*, display.
11. *o'er*, a contraction for *over* often used in poetry for the sake of the rhythm.
11. *Chanticleer*, the name often given to the cock in popular mediaeval stories of French origin (Fch. *Chantecler*).
12. *Your clarion blow*, an inversion

(*) **Ye (e as in me)**, ***mar'iner**, **land'ward**, **chan'ticleer**, **clar'ion**.*

It whisper'd to the fields of corn,
" Bow down, and hail the coming morn. "

Itsh outed through the belfry tower,
" Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour. "

It cross'd the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, " Not yet! in quiet lie. "

2. *Bow down*, bend (as for a salute).
3. *belfry*. Fch. *beffroi*.
5. *churchyard*, cemetery. Most of the old cemeteries were near or round a church, in the *yard* (or garden) of the *church*.
Ib. with a sigh. Notice the clever way in which the poet varies his description of the wind : it *hailed* the ships (a nautical term), it *whispered* through the corn-fields, it *shouted* to awake the bell, it *sighed* in the church-yard.
6. *Not yet*, the day of judgment when the dead shall leave their graves has *not yet* come.

(*) *To bow* (**ow** as in **how**), *church'yard.*

Twilight.

[Tennyson's *Sailor Boy*, -- Hope, — Longfellow's *Twilight*, — Anxiety, — and Kingsley's *Three Fishers*, — Despair, — might form the three leaves of the same triptych on "The Sea", a great theme for painters and poets of all countries, a greater one still for English artists.]

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

1. ***The twilight***, the time after sunset or before sunrise when the light is faint (from *'tween light*, between light and night, or between natural and artificial light). Usually, and here in particular, *twilight*, like *crépuscule* in French, means the time after sunset.
4. ***Flash***, appear and disappear suddenly as a momentary gleam of light, (*the white caps of the sea flash like the wings of sea-birds.*) — Cp. *flash-light advertisements*, les annonces lumineuses intermittentes.
Ib. the white caps, the white tops of the waves.
5. *cottage*, a small house; formerly applied to a hut, the word often applies now to a small neat dwelling and is used in French in the latter sense.
6. *There shines*, an impersonal form, similar to *There is*.
Ib. ruddier, from *ruddy*, red (especially used when speaking of the colour of the skin in good health). Here, after *ruddier light*, some such words as *than the grey light of the sky* are understood.
8. *peers out*, looks attentively.
12. *some form*, the father is at sea; child and mother are awaiting his

Pronunciation — *Twi'light*, *close* (pr. **closs**).

And a woman's waving shadow
  Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
  Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
  And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
  Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
  And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
  Drive the colour from her cheek?

return with anxiety. Cp. *Les Pauvres Gens*, by Victor Hugo :

L'homme est en mer. Depuis l'enfance mate-[lot,
Il livre au hasard sombre une rude bataille.
Pluie ou bourrasque, il faut qu'il sorte, il faut [qu'il aille,
Car les petits enfants ont faim...
...Et dehors, blanc d'écume
Au ciel, au vent, aux rocs, à la nuit, à la [brume,
Le sinistre océan jette son noir sanglot.

The whole of Victor Hugo's fine poem might be quoted here. It will be very interesting to read it again and to compare it with the three poems of the sea included in this selection.

1. *waving*, changing (both in size and position). The shadow now rises to the ceiling, now bows and bends low as the fisherman's wife moves about the room.

2. *to and fro*, for *to* ***and from***, forward and backward.

6. *bleak*, here cold, icy.

7. *at the crazy casement*, against the rattling window-frame. The casement is *crazy*, that is loosened and shaky, because the cottage is poor and old and constantly beaten by the sea-wind.

11. *at the heart*. (Cp. *at* the casement). *At* often marks aggression.

Pronunciation. — *Cei'ling, o'cean* (pr. **o'shun**), *ca'sement* (**pr. ca'ssment**), *col'our* (**pr. cul'ur**).

The Windmill.

[The following three poems—*The Windmill, The Village Blacksmith* and *The Lighthouse*—celebrate work in three of its most characteristic forms : in the fields, in the forge, at sea.

Notice the proud, healthy feeling of *The Windmill*, and its fine breezy rhythm.]

BEHOLD! a giant am I!
  Aloft here in my tower,
  With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
  And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
  In the fields of grain I see
  The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
  For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sounds of flails
  Far off, from the thrashing floors
  In barns with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
  Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
  With my foot on the rock below,

The Windmill, a mill worked by wind. At the *mill* (from the same Latin word as the French word *moulin*), grain is *milled*, that is transformed into *meal* by the *miller*.

2. *Aloft*, in a *lofty* situation, on high. (Cp. a *loft*.)

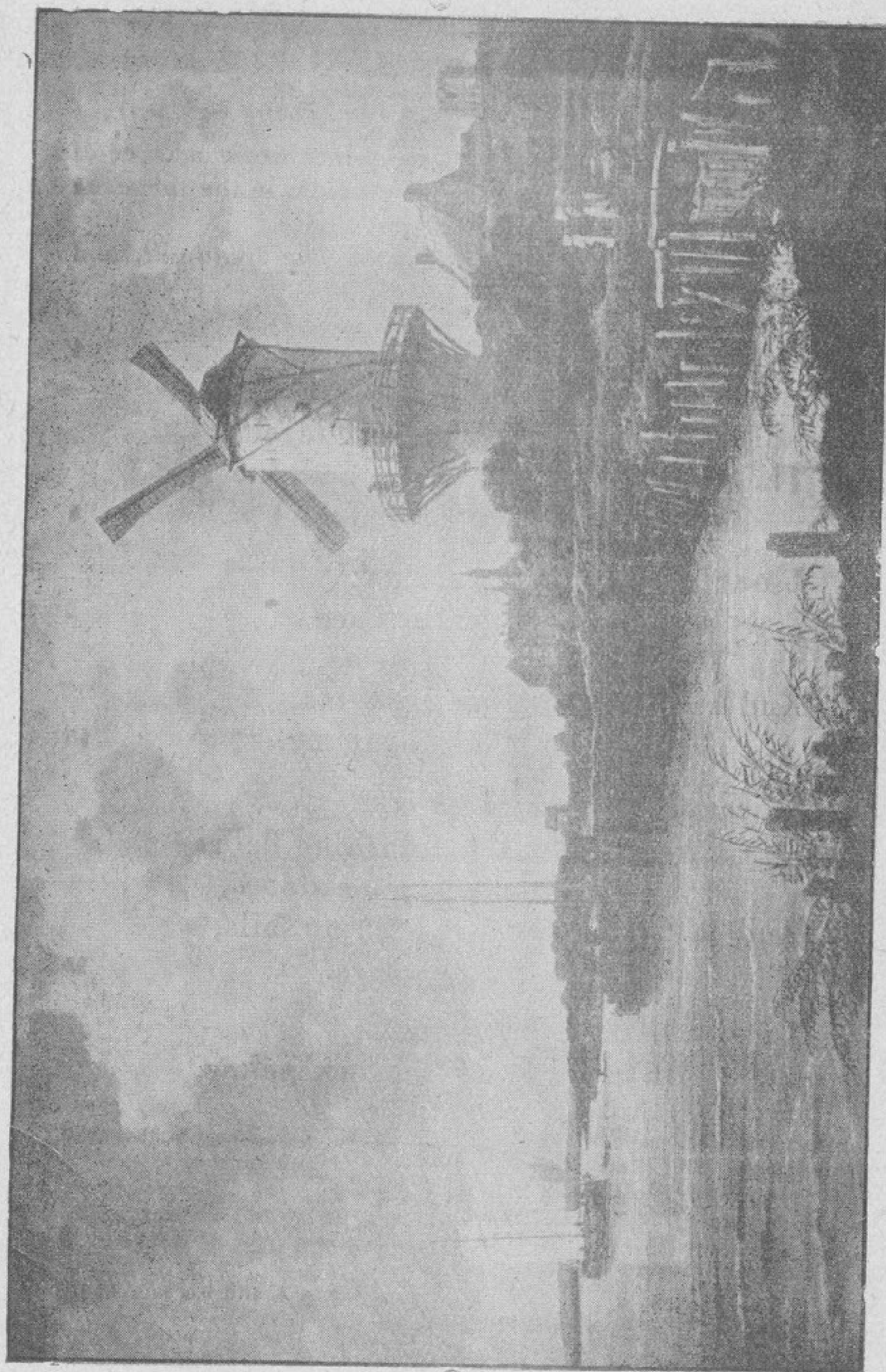
3. *my granite jaws*, the mill-stones.

8. *The harvest that is to be*, that shall be, — the future harvest.

12. *thrashing* (or *threshing*) *floors*, the floors or areas (in barns) where grain is *thrashed* (or *threshed*) out of the ears.

14. *my sails*. A mill has *sails* like a ship.

(*) ***Beh'old, gi'ant, aloft', gran'ite*** (pr. **gran'itt**), *jaw* (**aw = â**), ***devou'r, belo'w.***


JACOB RUISDAEL. — *The Windmill.*

Van der Hoop Gallery Amsterdam.

And whichever way it may blow,
I meet it face to face
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands;
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
Church-going bells begin
Their low melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

1. *it* (the wind) *may blow.* — Grammar : *May* is used after such words as *whoever*, *whichever*, *whatever*, etc.

3. *foe*, enemy.

4. *we wrestle and strive*, we (the wind and the mill) fight hand to hand and struggle.

7. *to thrive*, to prosper. (Cp. *thrift*, *thrifty*.)

8. *lord*, master, fem. *lady*.

10. *Church-going bells*, the bells which ring to tell people it is time *to go to church*.

11. *din*, noise.

13. *within*, inside the mill. On Sundays, peace and quiet replace the strife and agitation of the week-days.

(*) **Whichev'er**, *foe* (pr. fō), *to wrestle* (pr. **ress'l**), **melo'dious**, **within'**.

The Village Blacksmith.

[Longfellow's *Village Blacksmith*, the symbol of the hard-working honest Man, has indeed "taught a lesson" to the millions of English-speaking children who, in all parts of the world, have "looked in at his open door" with Longfellow's eyes.

The village smithy described in the poem really stood "under a spreading chestnut-tree" in one of the streets of the American town of Cambridge (near Boston), where Harvard University is situated. When the tree was cut down, the Cambridge children clubbed their pennies, had a chair made of its wood and presented it to the poet on his seventy-second birthday (1879), to show him their appreciation of his manly song, written forty years before.]

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,

Blacksmith. Etymologically, a *smith* (from *to smite*) is a man who forges metals with a hammer (a *goldsmith*, a *silversmith*). The *blacksmith* is a smith who works in iron, a *black* metal, as opposed to the *whitesmith*, who works in tin, a *white* metal. (Cp. Fch. *ferblantier*, from *fer blanc*.)

1. *to spread*, to stretch, to extend.

Ib. chestnut, Fch. *châtaigne*. (Old Fch. *chastaigne*.)

2. *smithy*, the workshop of the *smith*, the forge.

3. *mighty*, very strong. (Cf. *I may, might*.)

4. *sinewy*, full of *sinews* or tendons, vigorous.

5. *brawny*, muscular, strong.

6. *strong as*, for *as strong* as.

7. *crisp... and long*, not woolly and short like a negro's hair. (Fch. *ondulé*, not *crépu*.)

8. *tan*, Fch. *tan*.

9. *brow*, forehead.

(*) **Chest'nut** (pr. **ches'nut**), *smith'y, sin'ewy, mus'cle* (pr. **muss'l**), *hon'est* (silent **h**), *sweat* (pr. **swet**).

He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing a village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly,
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice: —

3. *he owes not*, an emphatic negative form for *he does not owe*.

4. *week in, week out*, from the beginning to the end of the week.

6. *sledge* or *sledge-hammer*, the heavy *hammer* which the smith holds with both hands.

7. *With measured beat and slow*, with slow and measured beat.

8. *sexton*, a corruption for *sacristan*.

15. *threshing-floor*, a floor on which the grain is *threshed*, or *beaten out* from the straw by means of flails. The flails break the covering of the grain, and small particles of that covering, called *chaff*, fly round the threshers at work. See *the Windmill*, line 11 sqq., p. 59.

20. *choir*, a chorus or band of singers.

21. *rejoice*. — Grammar: After *to make* (to let, to bid), the infinitive is used without *to*, as after the verbs of perception and the defective verbs. Several examples of these important grammar rules will be found in this poem.

(*) *To owe* (pr. **ô**), *to mea'sure*, *chaff* (**a** = **â**), *choir* (**ch** = **k**).

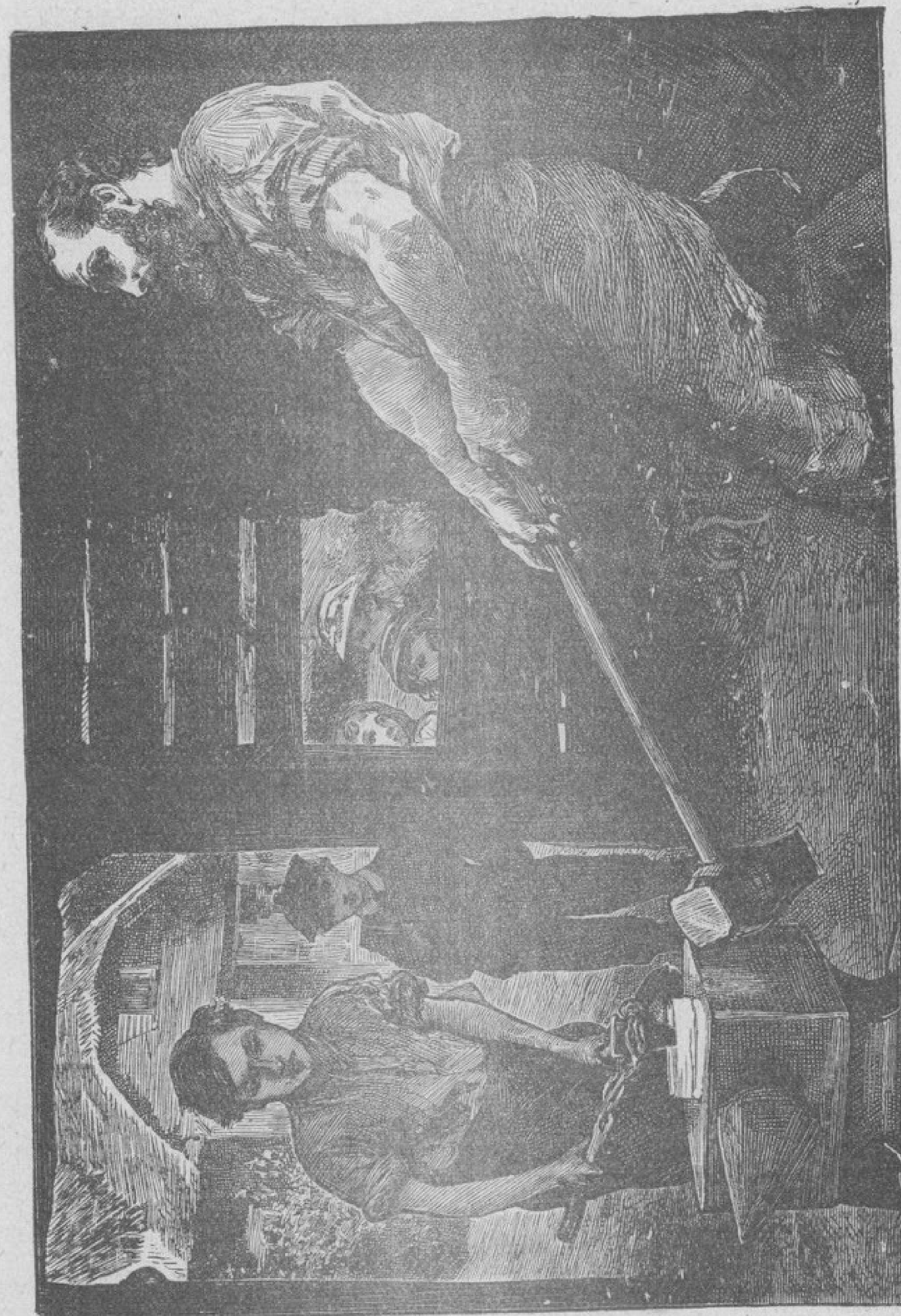
It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
  Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
  How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
  A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
  Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
  Each evening sees its close!
Something attempted, something done,
  Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
  For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
  Our fortunes must be wrought;
  Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

3. *needs*, of necessity. *He needs must think*, he cannot help thinking.
7. *Toiling*, from *to toil*, to work hard.
8. *Onward*, on (he goes on through life). The suffix *ward* (or *wards*) marks direction : *forward, backward, landward*, etc.
10. *close*, end.
12. *a night's repose*, the *repose* (or *rest*) of *a night*. — Grammar : The possessive case is often used in expressions marking *measure* (time, distance, etc.). Ex. : *an hour's class a mile's walk*.
13. *worthy*, full of worth, value or merit.
16. *fortune*, fate, lot, destiny.
Ib. wrought, old past part. of the verb *to work* : forged, made. (Cp. *wrought iron*.)
18. *deed*, what we *do*, an act.
17-18. *Thus on... thought*, Thus on its (life's) sounding anvil each burning deed and thought must be shaped.

(*) **Par'adise** (hard s), **rough** (pr. rŭff), on'ward, **close** (pr. **clōze**).



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

The Lighthouse.

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
  And on its outer point, some miles away
The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
  A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
  Upheaving, break unheard along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
  In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
  Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
  With strange, unearthly splendour in its glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape
  And perilous reef along the ocean's verge.

1. *rocky ledge*, a long line of rock.
2. *outer*, extreme.
3. *lifts*, erects.
4. *A pillar of fire...*, a biblical allusion. When the Jews left Egypt with Moses, « the Lord went before them *by day in a pillar of cloud*, to lead them the way; and *by night in a pillar of fire*, to give them light. » *Exodus*, XIII, 21.
5. *tides*, here, the swelling waves.
6. *Upheaving*, rising, from *to heave*.
7. *wrath*, anger.
Ib. Subsides, from *to subside*, to fall, to cease (contrary : *to rise*).
9. *lo!* an interjection : Look! — The expression *Lo and behold* is often found in the Bible.
Ib. how bright, etc. The usual construction would be : Through the deep purple of the twilight air, how bright the sudden radiance of its light beams forth...
10. *twilight*, the time after sunset or before sunrise when the light is faint (from *'tween light*, between light and night, or between natural and artificial light). Usually, and here in particular, *twilight*, like *crépuscule* in French, means the time after sunset.
11. *Beams forth*, sends forth (for away) its beams.
12. *unearthly*, not of the *earth* : unreal, mysterious.
13. *Not one alone* : there are many lighthouses.
14. *reef*, a rock or chain of rocks lying at or near the surface of the wa er.
Ib. verge, border, here the coast.

(*) ***Mass'ive, ma'sonry***, (hard ***s***), ***uphe'aving, base*** (hard ***s***), ***wrath*** (**a** as in **far**), ***trem'or. ra'diance, per'ilous.***

Starts into life a dim gigantic shape,
  Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
  Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
  The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
  Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
  They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
  Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
  Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
  On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;
And when, returning from adventures wild,
  He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

1. *Starts into life*, rises suddenly, Cp. *Ye Mariners of England*, p. 95, line 12.
2. *surge*, the waves.
3. *the great giant Christopher* : Saint Christopher, who was born in Syria and suffered martyrdom, was a fisherman of gigantic proportions.
5. *Wading*, from *to wade*, to walk through water.
6. *night-overtaken*, overtaken (= surprised) by the fall of the night. Cp. *to overhear*, to hear by surprise.
8. *Bending and bowing* are here synonyms and describe the motion of the ship over the swelling billows (= waves). Notice the **alliteration** : *bending, bowing, billowy*.
10 *They wave*, they express by their motion (caused by the motion of the *waves*).
12. *in the blaze* (of the lighthouse beams).
13. *as the light unveils*, when the light falls upon them.
14. *and vanish* (when the light leaves them and they are invisible again).
16. *fade and sink*, grow pale and disappear. — **Grammar** : The infinitive is used without *to* after verbs denoting perception such as *to see, to hear, to watch*, etc.

(*) ***Tempes'tuous, bow'ing*** (**ow** as in **how**), ***wel'come, e'ager*** (hard **g**), ***adven'ture.***

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
  Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
  Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
  The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace,
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
  And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it : the storm
  Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
  Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
  Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within,
  Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

1. *Steadfast*, standing fast (= firm). Cp. *to fasten*.

3. *quenchless*, everlasting; from *to quench*, to put out, to extinguish.

5. *to its bosom clasp*, clasp (= embrace) to its bosom (= breast).

7. *lift it in their grasp*, lift the Ocean.

8. *fleece*, the woolly coat of a sheep. The white foam of the ocean waves suggests the same metaphor to V. Hugo :

La laine des moutons sinistres de la mer.

9. *startled*, from *to startle*, to excite suddenly, to surprise.

Ib. over it, over the lighthouse.

10. *Smites*, from *to smite*, to strike. — Cp. *a smith, a blacksmith*, etc.

10. *the scourges of the rain*, the whips of the rain : the rain whips against the lighthouse.

12. *the great shoulders of the hurricane*: like Samson when he shook down the pillars of the Temple, the hurricane presses the lighthouse-tower with its great shoulders.

13. *to wheel*, to fly in circles, to turn (like a *wheel*).

Ib. din, a loud continued noise.

15. *maddened*, from *to madden*, to make mad.

Ib. by the light within : the lamp of the lighthouse.

16. *Dashes*, from *to dash*, to rush with violence.

(*) *Stead'fast, sere'ne, inextin'guishable, scourge* (**ou** = **ŭ** in **burn**), *sho'ulder* (**ou** = **o** in **no**), *hurr'icane, sol'itary.*

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
  Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
  But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!
  And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
  Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

1. *Prometheus*, a giant in Greek mythology who was said to have formed men out of clay, and to have given them life by means of fire stolen from Heaven — « the fire of Jove ». This provoked the anger of Jupiter, who ordered him to be bound to a rock on Mount Caucasus, a vulture being placed near to torment him by preying continually on his flesh.

3. *nor heed*, from *to heed*, to notice, to observe.

4. *hails*, from *to hail*, to salute; the French word *héler* has the same origin.

5. *stately*, showing *state* or dignity, majestic.

6. *span*, from *to span*, to stretch from side to side : a bridge *spans* a river; here, a floating bridge of ships spans the ocean by crossing it.

7. *Be mine*, let it be mine (= my part), — that of the lighthouse.

8. *Be yours*, let it be yours (= your part), — that of the ships.

(*) *Prome'theus, Jo've, éclip'se, un'to.*

The Wreck of the Hesperus.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sail'd the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,

Wreck, destruction, especially of a ship (a *shipwreck*). Cp. *to wreck*, to destroy. *Hesperus*, the allegorical name of the Evening Star.

1. *schooner*, a swift sailing-vessel. Fch. *goëlette*.

3. *skipper* (from *shipper*), the master of a merchant ship.

4. *to bear him company :* the usual expression is *to keep company*.

5. *the fairy-flax :* the flower of the flax is blue.

7. *hawthorn*, the white thorn (Cp. Fch. *aube-épine*, from Latin *alba* = white); its small red fruit is called *haw*.

8. *ope*, a poetical form for *open*.

9. *the helm*, the instrument by hich a ship is steered or driven. Syn. : *rudder*.

11. *the veering flaw*, the changing gust of wind. *To veer* (from Fch. virer) = to turn.

12. *now... now*, now... and then.

13. *up and spake an old Sailor*, an old Sailor (got) *up* and spoke; *spake* is an old form of *spoke*.

14. *the Spanish Main*, the Spanish Sea, an old name of the part of the Caribbean Sea, adjacent to the N. E. coast of South America: it was crossed by the Spanish merchant ships on their way to and from Venezuela, the isthmus of Panama, etc. The Spanish Main was very far from the coast of Massachusetts (round Boston) where the wreck of *the Hesperus* took place.

(*) *schoo′ner* (pr. skōō′ner), *Hes′perus, bos′om, haw′thorn* (aw = â).



STANFIELD (W. C.). — *On the Dogger Bank.*

Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

[There are few greater themes than "The Sea" for painters and poets of all countries, there is no greater perhaps for English artists. Longfellow's *Wreck of the Hesperus* and Tennyson's *Sailor Boy* are among the most famous "ballads of the sea".]

"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

1. *put into yonder port*, conduct the ship into yonder port, *yonder* = that (in the distance).

2. *a hurricane*, a violent storm. Cp. Fch. *ouragan*.

5. *a whiff* (an imitative word), a sudden puff. Cp. Fch. *bouffée*.

6. *scornful*, disdainful, from *scorn* = disdain.

8. *a gale*, a strong wind.

9. *hissing*, from *to hiss* (an imitative word): to make a sound like the letter *s*.

Ib. brine, salt walter; here, the sea.

10. *the billows*, the great waves of the sea when swelled by the wind.

Ib. frothed, from *to froth*, to form *froth*, a white foam at the surface of a liquid when boiling or agitated.

11. *smote*, from *to smite*, to strike. Cp. *smith*.

Ib. amain, with *main* or force, violently.

12. *in its strength*, with all its strength.

13. *She shuddered*, she trembled. — Grammar Names of vessels are generally considered as feminine.

Ib. a frighted steed, a frightened war-horse.

14. *her cable's length*, the length of her cable. See n. 12, p. 94.

15. *hither*, (to) here.

17. *I can weather*, I can resist, I can overcome.

(*) *hurr'icane, gol'iden, ama'in, hith'er, to weath'er, rough* (pr. rŭff).

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father, I hear the church-bells ring,
O say what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;

1. *He wrapped her warm*, he rolled her up *warmly*.

2. *the stinging blast*, the biting wind.

3. *spar* (Fch. *espar*), a seaman's word for a wooden bar such as a yard, a gaff.

7. *a rock-bound coast*, a coast *bound* (or surrounded) by *rocks*.

8. *he steered*, from *to steer*, to conduct, to drive (a ship). *To steer for*, to make for. (Cp. Fch. *mettre le cap sur*...)

13. *gleaming*, from *to gleam*, to shine.

16. *frozen*, past participle of *to freeze*.

17. *Lashed*, from *to lash*, here *to fasten*

Ib. all stiff and stark, quite stiff and rigid. *Stiff* and *stark* are synonyms.

20. *glassy*, like *glass*.

21. *clasped*, from *to clasp*, to join.

22. *that savèd she might be*, (so that she might be saved.

(*) to wrap (silent w), *distress', corpse* (sound p).

And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her sides,
Like the horns of an angry bull

1. *stilled* from *to still*, to calm.
3. *drear* (or *dreary*), sad.
4. *sleet*, rain mixed with snow or hail. (Fch. *grésil*, *frimas*).
5. *a sheeted ghost*, a *ghost* (or spirit) wrapped in a white *sheet* (of snow).
6. *reef*, a chain of rocks lying at or near the surface of the sea.
7. *And ever the fitful gusts between*, and ever between the fitful gusts. *Fitful*, changing.
9. *the trampling surf*, the surf (the waves breaking upon the shore) striking repeatedly, as under foot.
11. *the breakers*, a rock against which the waves *break*. Cp. Fch. *brisant*.
Ib. right beneath her bows, exactly under her fore part. The *bows* of a ship begin where the planks bend (or *bow*) till they meet to form the prow.
12. *She drifted a dreary wreck*, she was carried along (and was) a sad wreck. *To drift:* to be carried along. Cp. Fch. *dériver*.
13. *a whooping billow*, a rushing wave; an exceptional sense of *to whoop*, which usually means *to shout*. (From Fch. *houp!*)
Ib. the crew, the sailors on board the ship, a collective word.
15. *She struck :* she struck (the rock).
Ib. fleecy, woolly, soft like the *fleece* of a sheep.
17. *they gored*, from *to gore*, to pierce as with a horn.

(*) *Gal'ilee, whistl'ing* (silent t), *bow* (pr. bō), *hoo'ping, I'cicle.*

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

1. *rattling*, from *to rattle*, to make a succession of hard noises, as the windows do when the wind shakes them.
Ib. sheathed in ice, wrapped in ice like a sword in its *sheath*. (Fch. *fourreau, gaine.*)
2. *went by the board*, went *over* the board, fell over into the sea.
3. *she stove*, an irregular form of *to stave*, to be broken in, to be cut open by a large hole.
5. *bleak*, cold, desolate.
6. *stood aghast*, from *to stand aghast*, to be dumb with horror.
7. *the form of a maiden fair*, the body of a fair maiden, of a pretty girl.
8. *Lashed close to a drifting mast*, fastened tightly to a drifting mast. Cp. n. 17, p. 99.
11. *sea-weed*, grass of the sea. Cp. the proverb : *Ill weeds grow apace.*
15. *Christ save us all*, for *May* Christ save us all.
16. *the reef of Norman's Woe*, a very dangerous rock on the coast of Massachusetts, to the W. of Gloucester Harbour.

(*) *aghast'.*

A Psalm of Life.

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

[Most of the psalms in the Bible are ascribed to King David, "the sweet psalmist of Israel". Their general tone is bitter and pessimistic, at any rate as regards the earthly life, which they belittle and despise. A few characteristic passages from the psalms will make Longfellow's meaning clearer when he protests against their disheartening philosophy :

" Surely every man walketh in a vain show, surely they are disquieted in vain...," *Ps.* XXXIX, 6.

" For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more... " *Ps.* CIII, 16.

" We spend our years as a tale that is told... " *Ps.* XC, 9.

" Verily, man at his best state is altogether vanity... " *Ps.* XXXIX, 5.

It is said that Longfellow, then a young man, wrote this truly American hymn to life and action on recovering from a period of discouragement. It was enthusiastically received and even became a church hymn.]

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;

1. *Tell me not*, an emphatic negative form, instead of *Do* not tell me.
Ib. in mournful numbers, in sad (Fch. *morne*) verse.
2. *Life is but an empty dream*, life is nothing except a vain vision, — it is not real.
3. *For ... slumbers*, For the soul that slumbers is dead. *To slumber*, to sleep lightly, to be in a state of inactivity or torpor.
5. *earnest*, serious.
6. *goal*, aim.

(*) **Psalm, Psalm'ist** (pr. **sâm, sâm'ist**).

"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

1. A poetical version of the famous passage of *Genesis*, Ch. III, verse 19 : "For dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return".
2. *Was not spoken of*, was not said of.
6. *that ... to day* (in order) that each to-morrow (may) find us farther than to-day.
7. *fleeting*, passing swiftly. — Remember the French translation of the old Latin saying : "L'Art est long, la Vie est brève."
8. *stout*, strong.
9. *muffled drums*. At funerals, drums are *muffled*, that is wrapped up as with a *muff* (Fch. *moufle*) to make their sound duller.
13. *dumb*, mute. The adjective *dumb* is often applied to animals : *the dumb creatures*.
14. *the strife*, the struggle, the battle. Cp. *to strive* (*the Windmill*, line 4, p. 61).
15. *Trust no Future*, place your confidence, your hope in no Future.
16. *its dead*, for its dead ones. The adjective *dead*, being used as a noun, has a plural meaning. — **Grammar** : The poet, after having advised us not to live in the future advises us not to live in the past either.

(*) **To dest'ine, biv'ouac.**

Lives of great men all remind us
    We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
    Footprints on the sands of time,—

Footprints that perhaps another,
    Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
    Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
    With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
    Learn to labour and to wait.

3. *departing*, (when) departing, *i. e.* when leaving this world.

6. *main*, for *main* (or principal) sea, the Ocean.

7. *A forlorn ... brother*, a lonely brother. Note that this line is an apposition to *another* (line 5, above).

Ib. shipwrecked, whose ship has been wrecked or destroyed — a continuation of the metaphor.

8. *Seeing*, (when) seeing (them). — Perhaps another ... when seeing them (the footprints) shall take heart again.

8. *heart*, courage.

9. *up and doing*, standing and acting, not slumbering. (See line 3, p. 69.)

10. *for any fate*, ready for good or bad luck.

11. *Still achieving*, always doing. Cp. *The Village Blacksmith* :

Something attempted, something done.
Has earned a night's repose.

12. *Learn*, for *Let us learn.*

Ib. to wait, that is to be patient and persevering, even if not successful at first.

(*) ***Subli'me, forlorn', ship'wrecked*** (pr. **ship'rekt**), ***to pursu'e (pursu'ing).***

WORDSWORTH

1770-1850

William Wordsworth lost his mother when he was eight years old and was sent as a boarder to school in a picturesque Lancashire village. There he lived in close companionship with the country and the people, rowing, riding, skating, climbing crags and roaming over the district by day and by night. Nature was thus revealed to Wordsworth not through literature but through life, and his devotion to its beauties was perhaps so deep because it had been amongst his earliest feelings



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

In 1787, Wordsworth went up to St. John's College, Cambridge, and in his third long vacation (1790) took a walking tour through France and Switzerland with a college friend. In 1791, he went to France foagan ir a whole year, and he had become an enthusiastic Republican when he returned to England in 1792. But the excesses of the Terror and the outbreak of the war between England and France turned him against the Revolution. In fact, after a painful intellectual crisis, he became a

staunch Conservative and, at the death of Southey, consented to succeed him as Poet Laureate (1843).

Wordsworth's long life was entirely devoted to poetry. His sister Dorothy, who was in deep sympathy with him, seems to have greatly helped the young poet to understand his own genius at the time of his political crisis :

She in the midst of all preserved me still
A Poet, made me seek beneath that name,
And that alone, my office upon earth.

(*Prelude.*)

Brother and sister settled in the Lake District, one of the loveliest parts of England, which was to be repeatedly celebrated by Wordsworth himself and by the other poets of the " Lake School ", Southey and Coleridge.

"Our walks are perpetually varied" writes Dorothy, "and we are more fond of the mountains as our acquaintance of them increases. We have a boat upon the lake, and a small orchard and smaller garden, which, as it is the work of our own hands, we regard with pride and partiality Our cottage is quite large enough for us, though very small; we have made it neat and comfortable within doors, and it looks very nice on the outside... as it is covered all over with green leaves and scarlet flowers".

In 1798, Wordsworth had published with his friend Coleridge the *Lyrical Ballads.* They were followed during half a century by an uninterrupted succession of other ballads, sonnets and lyrics, and two longer works, the *Prelude*, a poetical autobiography, and *The Excursion*, a philosophical poem, " having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement ".

The Lyrical Ballads are generally considered as opening a new literary era and marking the date of the return of English poets to nature. From the first, Wordsworth

" proposed to himself to give the charm of novelty to things of every day... by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world around us. " (*Coleridge.*)

Besides, he rejected the artificial " poetic diction " of the eighteenth century and used, " as far as possible, a selection of the language really spoken by man ". He may truly be said to have revived English poetry, and, for this reason, the first half of the nineteenth century is often appropriately called the Age of Wordsworth.

Questions.

1. What do you know of Wordsworth's childhood?
2. How was he affected by the French Revolution?
3. Who was his constant companion and adviser?
4. Where did the poet settle and what kind of life did he lead?
5. Name some of Wordsworth's works.
6. What are their chief characteristics and their literary importance?

Home work.

1. How do you understand Wordsworth's famous line : " *The Child is father of the Man* "? Comment upon it briefly.
2. Are you fond of flowers? Do you know an English poet who has written about them? Do you remember any of his lines?
3. Tell in your own words any English poem you may have read or learnt by heart.
4. Do you know in English literature any poems about the Country?

The Rainbow.

[From his childhood, and especially from his schoolboy days, Wordsworth was a lover of Nature. He makes here the rainbow a symbol of her beauties.]

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man :
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

The Rainbow, the brilliant coloured arch or *bow* seen when *rain* is falling opposite the sun.

1. *leaps*, jumps, bounds.

5. *So be it*, let it be so.

6. *let me die* (young), says the poet, rather than lose my passion for Nature in my old age.

7. This line, quoted by Wordsworth from Pope (1688-1844), has now become proverbial.

9. *natural piety*, a deep and almost religious love of Nature; the feeling which really bound Wordsworth's days each to each from the beginning to the end of his life.

(*) **Ra'inbow, began'** (from **to begin'**), **nat'ural, pi'ety** (pr. **pi'ty**).

To the Cuckoo.

[The poet here lays stress on the mystery attaching to the cuckoo from its being so rarely seen. It is "a wandering voice", "an invisible thing", a cherished but inaccessible dream. Its song recalls to him in manhood the golden time of his youth, and makes the Earth seem once more, as it seemed then, a fairy place, unreal as the bird itself, bright with hope, and gay with fancy's dreams.]

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice :
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near!

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale.
Of visionary hours.

1. *blithe*, joyful. (Cp. *bliss.*)

Id. new-comer. The bird is addressed in spring (April) when it returns from the warmer climate in which it has spent the winter. Cp. a late-comer, comers and goers.

Ib. I have heard, i. e. in my youth.

4. *but*, only.

5. *I am lying.* — Grammar : Notice the idiomatic use of the present participle with *to lie, to stand, to kneel* and other verbs marking attitude.

6. *twofold shout*, double call. The cuckoo has only two notes in its song or call, and these notes are imitated in the two syllables of its name. Cp. Tennyson :

The cuckoo told his name to all the hills.

8. *At once*, at the same time.

9. *babbling*, speaking like a baby. (Cp. Fch. *babiller.*)

11. *unto*, an archaic form for *to*.

12. *visionary*, full of boyhood's visions, of bright dreams of hope.

(*) **Cu'ckoo** (pr. **Coo'koo**), **bli'the, vis'ionary.**

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing—
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listen'd to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green,
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still long'd for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the Earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for Thee!

1. *Thrice*, a poetical form for three times. (Cp. *once*, *twice*.)
2. *Even yet*, even now.
5. *my schoolboy days*, in Lancashire. (See *Life*, p. 75.) — *Schoolboy* is used here as an adjective.
7. *ways*, directions.
9. *rove*, wander.
11. *wert*, a poetic form, for *wast*.
12. *Still*, always.
Ib. *longed for*, earnestly desired.
14. *Can lie*, for *I can lie*.
15. *till I do beget*, till I create, till my imagination recalls vividly. The emphatic form (*I do beget*), is used by the poet to make us understand that his creative power is indeed real.
17. *blessed*, happy. (Cp. *blithe*.)
Ib. *we pace*, we tread or walk upon.
19. *unsubstantial*, not real, fanciful, like the imaginary land of the fairies.
20. *fit*, suitable, adapted to.

(*) ***Wel'come, to list'en*** (silent t), ***to beget', bless'ed*** (ed is sounde, dhere) ***unsubstan'tial.***

The Daffodils.

[The following extract from his sister Dorothy's journal (April 15, 1802) shows how faithful Wordsworth remained to Nature, his great guide and inspirer. "A poet should describe things", he used to say, "with his eye on the object."

"When we were in the woods below Gowbarrow Park, we saw a few daffodils close by the water side. As we went along, there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there were a long belt of them along the shore. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them. Some rested their heads on the stones, as on a pillow; the rest tossed, and reeled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing."]

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky-way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:

Daffodil, (from *asphodel*), here wild narcissus. The daffodil, one of the first spring flowers, is known in France by various local names (*galois*, *claudinette*, etc.). It is a yellow flower closely related to the lilies.
1. *To wander*, to, go, to ramble with no definite object.
3. *all at once*, quite suddenly.
4. *host*, army. An old French word. Cp. *hostile*.
5. *beside*, near; etymologically, *by* the *side* of. Cp. behind, before, etc.
6. *Fluttering*. *To flutter*, a frequentative of *to float*: to flap the wings without flying, like a butterfly. A bird flies; a butterfly flutters about.
7. *Continuous*, close together and so forming an uninterrupted line.
9. *never-ending*. Cp. endless.
10. *margin*. edge, shore.

(*) ***Daff'odil, lo'nely, host*** (pr. hōst), ***contin'uous.***

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee : —
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

2. *Tossing*, agitating, shaking, violently.
Ib. sprightly, like a sprite or spirit, lively.
4. *Outdid*, from *to outdo*, to excel, to surpass.
Ib. glee (adj. *glad*), mirth (adj. merry.)
5. *could not but be*, could not be anything except.
6. *jocund*, merry, full of joy.
8. *wealth*, riches.
Ib. show, what we see, a sight or spectacle *shown* to us.
10. *vacant*, unocupied, empty of thought.
Ib. mood, disposition of mind, humour.
11. *They flash*, they break out, as a sudden light or flame.
Ib. that inward eye, memory, which provides imagination with the materials it uses.
12. *bliss*, the highest happiness. (Cp. *blessing*, *blithe*.)
Ib. The poet tells us that the last two lines were contributed by his wife.
14. " Wordsworth's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple primary affections and duties; and because of the extraordinary power with which he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it". (*Matthew Arnold*.)

(*) *Spri'ghtly* (**gh** mute), *jo'cund*, *couch* (pr. **căouch**).

The Solitary Reaper.

[This poem was written by Wordsworth after his journey to the Highlands, the picturesque mountainous district in the North of Scotland, which he had greatly admired. It shows the poet's interest in familiar scenes, his sympathy with "natural sorrow", and the way in which he gathered his poetical material, not in his study, but, as he wrote himself in his piece *To the Cuckoo* :

" In bush, and tree, and sky...
... Through woods and on the green. "]

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers, in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :

1. *Behold*, see, look upon, *hold* before your eyes.
Ib. Single, solitary, by herself, alone are synonyms.
2. *Yon*, that is seen yonder, at a great distance.
Ib. Highland Lass, a lass of the Highlands. *Lass*, a country girl, is the feminine of *lad*. — Grammar : Here *Highlands*, being used as an adjective, loses its final *s*.
4. *gently*, softly, without any noise.
6. *strain*, a tune, a song.
7. *the Vale profound*, the very deep valley.
9. *chaunt*, sing. (Cp. Fch. *chanter*.)
10. *weary*, worn out, tired.
Ib. The original rendering of this line was :

So sweetly to reposing bands...

11. *haunt*, a place much frequented. (Cp. Fch. *hanter*.)

(*) *Sol'itary*, *Hi'ghland* (pr. **Hi'land**), *mel'ancholy* (**ch = k**), *profou'nd*, *overflo'wing*, *ni'ghtingale* (pr. **ni'tingāle**), *Ara'bian*.

No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago?
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain
That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listen'd till I had my fill;
And as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

4. *the farthest Hebrides*, the most distant among the Hebrides, a group of islands off the West coast of Scotland.
6. *numbers*, verse.
8. *ago*, a shortened form of *agone*, gone away, past.
9. *lay*, song. (Old Fch. *lai.*)
11. *natural*, deep, unaffected : Wordsworth often speaks of *elementary* feelings in the same sense.
13. *theme*, subject of the song.
17. *I had my fill*, I was full of it.
20. Cp. the conclusion of *the Daffodils*. — Wordsworth's memory was

A dwelling place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies.

(*) **Heb'rides** (pr. **Heb'ridiz**), *famil'iar*, *heart* (pr. **hârt**).

JULES BRETON. — Le chant de l'alouette.



Cl. Braun, Clément et Cie.

A SOLITARY REAPER

SCOTT. KEATS. MOORE.

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), the greatest Scotch man of letters, is now more famous as a novelist than as a poet. But he started his literary career by collecting old ballads and publishing several long poems, among which *the Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805) and *the Lady of the Lake* (1810) made him the most popular author of the day. His historical novels came later, beginning in 1814 with *Waverley*, which was closely followed by *Guy Mannering*, *the Antiquary*, *Ivanhoe*, *Quentin Durward*, and many others. The short "Hunting Song" printed here reminds us of Scott's taste for old ballads and of his interest in the life and manners of the past.



WALTER SCOTT.

John Keats (1795-1827), a Londoner by birth, was only twenty-six years of age when he died in Rome, but had already written some of the most perfect poems in the English language. With his friend Shelley, who died

at thirty, about one year after him, Keats deserves to b remembered as a born-poet.

Thomas Moore (1779-1852) was an Irishman, and is often called for this reason "the Bard of Erin". He was extremely successful during his life, not only as a poet, but as a critic, historian and biographer. He would be almost forgotten now, if not for the grace of some of his short lyrics.

Hunting Song.

(Sir Walter Scott.)

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling
Merrily merrily mingle they,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;

Hunting, from *to hunt*, to pursue large game, such as a stag, generally on horseback. A *hunting song* is a song for *hunters* or *huntsmen*, in the morning, to awaken them, such a song is sung, or a tune is played on a horn; it is called *hunt's-up*.

1. *Waken*, from *to waken*, a regular verb = to awake. Syn. : *to wake up*.

Ib. gay, beautiful, brilliant. Cp. Fch. *beau* (seigneur).

3. *the jolly chase*, the merry hunt.

4. *With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear:* the *hawk* is a bird of prey which was used in hunting; a *spear*, a lance.

5. *Hounds... yelling*, hounds in (their) couples are yelling. *To yell*, to howl.

6. *knelling*, from *to knell*, to ring, to sound.

7. *mingle they*, they mingle. *To mingle*, to mix, to join.

10. *Springlets*, small springs, a diminutive. Cp. *rivulet*, a small river.

11. *steaming*, from *to steam*, to give out steam or vapour, here haze or mist.

12. *the brake*, the fern, brambles, etc., growing among the trees in a forest.

14. *to track the buck*, to follow the buck, or male deer.

Ib. thicket, a mass of small trees and bushes *thickly* set.

(*) *chase* (pr. cha'ss), *to whistle* (silent t), *to knell* (silent k), *di'amond*.

Now we come to chant our lay
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oaks his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay;
Waken, lords and ladies gay

Louder and louder chant the lay
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk;
Think of this, and rise with day
Gentle lords and ladies gay!

1. *lay*, song. Cp. n. 9, p. 112.

4. *the greenwood*, the forest (when the trees have their *green* leaves).

Ib. haste away, go away in *haste*, *hasten* away.

6. *Fleet of foot*, swift of foot.

8. *'gainst*, for *against*.

Ib. his antlers fray'd. The *antlers* (the horns of a deer) look like branches growing out of the deer's head. *To fray*, to rub.

9. *You shall see him :* the future of authority is used here to express a prediction.

Ib. brought to bay, obliged to turn back and face the dogs, who then stop and bark. Cp. *at bay*, from Fch. *aux abois.*

13. *mirth and glee*, two synonymous words, both meaning *joy*.

14. *Run a course*, run quickly, as in a hunt, and are pursued by time, the great huntsman, who will soon overtake them.

15. *stern*, grave, severe.

Ib. who can baulk (or *balk*), who can deceive (him), who can escape (him)?

16. *Stanch* (or *staunch*), firm.

18. *Gentle*, well-bred, well-mannered, as people of *gentle* (or noble) birth usually are. Cp. *gentleman;* Fch. *gentil.*

(*) *to chant* (a = â), *haste* (pr. ha'ste), *oak* (pr. ôk), *stanch* (pr. stânch).

The Grasshopper and the Cricket.

(*John Keats.*)

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's — he takes the lead
In summer luxury, — he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

December 30, 1816.

Grasshopper, an insect : its very long hind legs enable it *to hop* about in the *grass*. *Cricket* (from Fch. *criquet*), an insect similar to the grasshopper; it makes a sharp sound by rubbing its wing-covers; here, the *house-cricket.*

2. *faint*, weakened. Cp. *to faint*, *a fainting fit.*

3. *will run*, often runs : the frequentative form (See n. 15, p. 15).

4. *the new-mown mead*, the newly *mown* meadow; from *to mow*, to cut (grass, corn, etc.).

5. *the grasshopper's* (voice).

Ib. he takes the lead, he takes the *leading* part, the first place.

6. *summer luxury*, the pleasures of summer.

7. *He has never done with his delights*, he has never finished being delighted; he always finds new delights.

Ib. tired out with sun. Cp. *faint with* the hot sun, line 2, above.

8. *weed*, grass.

10. *lone*. Cp. thou *lone* one, in *the Last Rose of Summer*, line 9, p. 120.

11. *has wrought*, has made. See n. 16, *Ib.*, p. 94.

Ib. shrills, from *to shrill*, to produce a *shrill* (or sharp) sound.

13. *And seems... lost*, and (this song) seems to (the) one (who is) half lost in drowsiness. *Drowsy*, sleepy.

(*) *grass'hopper, po'etry, mown* (pr. mônn), *mead* (ea = ee), *lux'ury, pleas'ant, to cease* (s = ss), *wrought* (silent w), *drow'siness.*

The Last Rose of Summer.

(*Thomas Moore.*)

'Tis the last rose of Summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them:
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

2. *blooming*, from *to bloom*, to flower, and, figuratively, to be beautiful. Cp. Fch. *s'épanouir*.

3. *lovely*, charming, worthy of *love*. — Grammar : The suffix *ly* is used to form adjectives from nouns. Cp. *daily*, *weekly*, *cowardly*, etc.

4. *to fade*, to lose colour, freshness and strength little by little.

5. *her kindred*, for *her kindred flowers*, the flowers of the same *kind*.

6. *Nigh*, near.

7. *her blushes*, plural of *blush*, a noun derived from *to blush*, to redden in the face for shame, modesty, etc.

9. *lone*, solitary. Syn. : *lonely*.

10. *to pine*, to suffer great *pain*, and so to languish.

Ib. the stem, here, the little branch bearing the flower; more generally, the part of a tree between the ground and the first branches.

11. *the lovely* (flowers), which are now dead.

12. *sleep thou*, a redundant form of the imperative, for *sleep*.

13. *kindly*, out of kindness, because I am kind.

14. *thy leaves*, thy petals.

15. *thy mates*, thy companions. Cp. *a schoolmate*.

16. *scentless*, without *scent*, perfume or fragance.

(*) *alo'ne, lov'ely* (mute e), *compan'ion, kind'red, nigh* (silent gh), *to reflect'*.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

1. *So soon may I follow*, so may I follow soon.

3. *love's shining circle*, love's crown; metaphorically, the circle (or society) of loving friends.

4. *gems*, precious stones (Fch. *gemme*); figuratively, our dearest friends.

5. *withered*, from *to wither*, to fade.

6. *fond ones*, fond (or *tender*) hearts.

8. *this bleak world*. Cp. the *bleak* sea-beach, in *the Wreck of the Hesperus*, line 5, p. 101.

(*) *to deca'y, to with'er, to inhab'it.*

See, p. 197, the music (with piano accompaniment) of
The Last Rose of Summer.

CAMPBELL

1777-1844

When Thomas Campbell was born in Glasgow, the youngest of the eleven children of a Scotch merchant who carried on business with Virginia, his father's fortunes had heen badly shaken by the American Revolution, and the family's income was very small. But the boy showed great promise and was given a very good education, first at the grammar school, then at the University of his native town.



CAMPBELL.

At fourteen, he had already gained a prize for an English poem, and, from that date, he went on writing verse at the same time as he tried to support himself by giving private lessons, besides reading for the law. In 1799, " when England had little poetry of any kind and had not yet recognized Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads* ", Thomas Campbell, who was only twenty-two years of age, published a long poem, the *Pleasures of Hope*, which met with instantaneous success. Four editions were sold out in one year, every reader being captiv-

ated by the descriptive powers, the polished diction and the generous feelings of the young poet. His reputation and his fortune were made; he could give up poring over musty law-books and devote himself to literary work.

In 1800, Campbell sailed for the Continent and visited Germany at the time of the wars between France on one side, Austria, Russia and England on the other. He found there material for some of his best and most popular pieces : *Hohenlinden*, *The Soldier's Dream*, *The Battle of the Baltic*, *Ye Mariners of England*,—the patriotic inspiration of which was rewarded by a pension of £ 200 granted to Campbell by the Government in 1805.

In 1803, Campbell had married and settled in London, where he did most of his work, although his taste for travelling took him to Paris in 1814, to Germany again in 1818 and to Algiers in 1834. An established literary glory, he was in 1827-29 elected three times in succession Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow,—the last time against Sir Walter Scott,—and gave his active support to the establishment of a University in London.

Thomas Campbell died in France. He had fixed his residence at Boulogne in the summer of 1843, but he was already in poor health at the time, and he died in June 1844 at the age of sixty-seven. He was buried at Westminster Abbey.

In the second part of his life, Campbell had done much hack-work for the booksellers—historical, critical and miscellaneous—but had published little poetry. " What a pity it is ", said Sir Walter Scott, " that he does not write more and oftener and give full sweep to his genius!... He is, in a manner, a bugbear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his further efforts. He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him. "

In fact, Campbell's long poems are now seldom read, although they really show great qualities of sentiment and style, but his short war songs are universally acknowledged masterpieces and have made him an English classic.

Questions.

1. What do you know of Thomas Campbell's family? Was he au Englishman?

2. When did he begin writing verse? What was his first great poem? Was it successful?

3. Was Campbell fond of travelling? What countries did he visit? Where did he die?

4. How was the second part of his life occupied? How does Sir Walter Scott explain that he did not write more poetry?

Examination papers.

1. You have studied *Hohenlinden*, *A Soldier's Dream* and *Ye Mariners of England*. Which of the three pieces do you prefer? Why?

2. What was the dream of the Soldier in Campbell's poem? Give an account of it in your own words.

3. Why do English poets often sing the sea? What songs of the sea do you know?

Hohenlinden.

[Soon after his arrival in Germany in 1800 (See *Life*, p. 87), Campbell proceeded to Ratisbon and witnessed the action which gave that city to the French. "The poet stood with the monks of the Scottish college of St James on the ramparts near the monastery while the Austrian cavalry charged the French. He saw no other battle—Hohenlinden was fought some weeks after he had left Bavaria—but made many excursions and was well received by Moreau and other French officers." Campell remembered what he had seen at Ratisbon when he wrote *Hohenlinden.*

This famous poem was at first held in but little esteem by its author, who called it "a mere drum and trumpet thing". In fact, its strong and simple rhythm together with the quality and arrangement of its rhymes contribute to make it one of the most effective war-songs in the English language.]

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th'untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,

Hohenlinden. "This battle was fought December 2, 1800, between the Austrians under Archduke John and the French under General Moreau, in a forest near Munich. *Hohenlinden* means *High Limetrees.*" The battle of Hohenlinden was a crushing disaster for the Austrian army which lost 20,000 men on that day.

1. *On Linden*, on the place where the battle was to be fought.

2. *All bloodless*, entirely bloodless, quite bloodless, perfectly pure.

Ib. th'untrodden snow, the snow which nobody had *trodden* (from *to tread* = to walk on). Remember that the battle of Hohenlinden took place in December.

4. *Iser*, for *the Iser* (or *Isar*), a river of Tyrol and Bavaria which runs through Munich and falls into the Danube.

6. *at dead of night*, at the time when the night is completely silent and lifeless. Cp. *at dead of winter*.

(*) **Blood'less** (pr **blŭd'less**); ***Is'er.***

Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,

1. *fires of death*, the flames produced by the discharge of fire-arms, especially by artillery.

3. *By torch and trumpet fast array'd*, here *by* means *near* : the Austrian soldiers quickly dressed in the light of the torches and among the noise of the drums and trumpets which had roused them from their sleep. — *To array*, to clothe, to prepare; from the old French word *arreyer* the root of which is still found in *désarroi.*

4. *his battle-blade*, his sabre.

5. *charger*, war-horse, — literally, a charger is, as here, a horse used in *charging*.

6. *revelry*, noisy festivity.

7. *riven*, past part. of *to rive*, to split.

9. *the bolts of heaven*, the detonations which accompany lightning.

12. *stained*, soiled, after being trodden by soldiers and horses and reddened by the blood of the wounded.

13. *the torrent flow*, the torrent (shall) flow. — **Grammar** : *That light shall glow, the torrent* shall *flow* are striking examples of the use of *shall*, in the 2nd or 3rd person of the future when the speaker affirms *authority* or utters some *prediction*. Here, the poet, who knows what is going to happen, speaks in a prophetic manner.

15. *scarce*, for *scarcely*.

Ib. yon level sun, yon (= that) *sun* that is on *level* with the horizon, as it is when it rises.

16. *rolling dun*, the rolling clouds, formed by the smoke of the battle, were dun-coloured, *i. e.* brown and black, gloomy.

(*) ***Rev'elry, riv'en*** (from **to rī've**), ***heav'en, sca'rce, lev'el,***

When furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

1. *furious Frank,* the French.
Ib. fiery Hun, the Austro-Hungarians. — In the great war of 1914-18, the word *Hun* was commonly applied to the Germans, as their cruelty recalled that of Attila and his savage hordes. Here, the word conveys no such unpleasant meaning, as Campbell's sympathy seems to have been with the Austrians, who were then the allies of England against France.
2. *sulphurous canopy,* overhanging smoke from the guns; gunpowder contains some *sulphur.*
3. *On, ye brave,* (go) on, you brave (soldiers). *Ye* is an old form of *you.*
5. *Munich,* the Bavarian army, Bavaria.
7. *Few shall part,* (only) few shall still be alive at the end of the battle, of the many who assembled in the morning to fight. — Notice again the use of *shall* in this stanza.
8. *their winding-sheet,* the *sheet* in which they shall be *wound* (or wrapped) as in a shroud after their death.

(*) **Fi'ery, can'opy, chiv'alry (ch = sh), wi'nding, sep'ulchre**

The Soldier's Dream.

[This short piece will be appropriately read and studied after *Hohenlinden*, as it describes a battlefield after the day's action :

Le champ couvert de morts sur qui tombait la nuit.

When we remember the incessant fighting of the last war (1914-18), it is interesting to notice that, only a century ago, the battle stopped by common consent "when the night-cloud had lowered."]

OUR BUGLES sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

1. *Our bugles,* our trumpets. In the English army, *bugle-calls* are often sounded by *bugle-boys.*
2. *set their watch,* began to keep their watch.
3. *thousands* (of soldiers).
4. *The weary, the wounded,* for the weary men, the wounded men. — **Grammar** : English adjectives may be used as nouns, but only in the plural and in a collective sense.
5. *that night,* not last night, but on the night of the dream, some time ago.
Ib. pallet, a bed of straw, from the old Fch. word *paillet,* a diminutive of *paille.*
6. *the wolf-scaring faggot,* the fire of faggots which the soldiers on watch kept burning through the night to scare the wolves and prevent them from coming near the bodies of their dead comrades.
Ib. the slain, the soldiers who had just been killed. *To slay* (I slew, slain) = to kill.
7. *At the dead of night.* See *Hohenlinden,* p. 90, note 6.
8. *And thrice ere the morning... Thrice* and *ere* are two archaïc words; in modern English, *thrice* is usually replaced by *three times,* and *ere* by *before.*

(*) **To lo'wer, wound'ed** (ou = **oo** as in **wood**), **palle't** (a = **a** in **fat**), **guard'ed** (pr. **gard'ed**).

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
  Far, far I had roam'd a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
  To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
  In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft;
  And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
  From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
  And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay! stay with us! rest! thou art weary and worn!"
  And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
  And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

1. *Methought, I thought*, it seemed to me. *Methinks* is also used in the present with the same meaning.
Ib. array, here spectacle.
2. *track*, road.
5. *so oft*, a poetical form for *so often*.
6. *In life's morning march*, at the beginning of the journey of life, when I was a boy.
7. *my own mountain-goats*, the same I had taken to graze on the mountains before leaving home for the army : Campbell thinks of Scotland, his own native country.
Ib. aloft, in a *lofty* place. Cp. *a hay-loft, to lift*.
8. *And knew the sweet strain*, and recognized the sweet tune.
Ib. sung : in the preterite, *sang* is more generally used.
9. *Then pledged we*, an archaïc turn, for *Then did we pledge*. — *To pledge* = to drink the health of one another.
Ib. fondly, foolishly.
12. *in her fulness of heart* : her heart was full of happiness; she cried for joy at the idea that her husband would never leave her.
13. *Stay, stay with us*. Compare this passage with the last two stanzas of Tennyson's *Sailor Boy*, p. 102.
Ib. weary and worn, tired and exhausted. Notice the alliteration.
14. *fain*, ready, willing.
Ib. their war-broken soldier : the war had *broken* his strength; it had weakened him.
15. *morn, for morning*. The *dawning of morn* is the time when day dawns, at sunrise.
16. *melted away*, vanished, disappeared.

(*) **Des'olate** (hard **s**), **pleas'ant, travers'ed, bos'om** (**o** = **u** in **full**).

Ye Mariners of England.

A NAVAL ODE.

[The poem was first published in 1801, but the author slightly altered it after Trafalgar (1805) to introduce the name of Nelson. This happy idea added to the significance and popularity of Campbell's "naval ode", which is certainly the most widely known of his war-songs. It was set to music several times and is still a favourite concert piece. See tune p. 106.]

I

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

II

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,

1. *Ye*, an old form of *you*.
2. *our native seas*, the seas which encircle England, our native country.
5. *Your glorious standard*, the flag of England, which her sailors made glorious.
6. *To match another foe*, to oppose, to face another enemy.
7. *the deep*, the *deep* waters, the sea.
8. *the stormy winds do blow*. Some editions give *while the stormy tempests blow*, but the first reading is generally preferred.
12. *Shall start*, shall rise suddenly, another example of the future of prediction. See *Hohenlinden*, p. 91, n. 13.
13. *the deck* of their warships, where many of them were killed in battle like Nelson himself.

(*) **Mar'iner, guard** (pr. **gârd**), **launch** (pr. **lânch**).

And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow;
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

III

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

2. *Blake* (1599-1657), a great English sailor of the time of the Commonwealth, defeated the Dutch and the Spaniards several times.

Ib. Nelson (1758-1805) is the most famous of English admirals. At Aboukir Bay (1798) and at Trafalgar (1805), when he was killed, he won two great naval victories over the French.

3. *shall glow*, shall take fire, shall burn with enthusiasm.

4. Observe the rapidity given by the double rhyme in the seventh line of each stanza : *sweep*, *deep*; *roar*, *shore*; *fame*, *name*. (Fowler.)

8. *Britannia needs no bulwarks*, Britannia (or Great Britain), being an island, needs no ramparts.

9. *the steep*, the *steep* rocks of the English coast, the cliffs.

10. *Her march*, her frontier.

12. *thunders*, loud booming noises like thunder. Cp. the thunder of a cataract, the thunders of cannon.

Ib. her native oak, her ships : English oaks give excellent timber which was used for ship-building at that time.

13. *quells*, subdues, calms.

Ib. the floods, the rushing waves. — Notice the alliterations in this line and the rhyme between the middle and the end of the next line. The rhythm of this passage is exceptionally strong and greatly adds to its meaning.

(*) *Britann'ia, bul'wark* (**u** as in **full**), *flood* (oo = u in **mud**).

IV

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

1. *The meteor flag of England*, the bright-coloured flag of England which, at the mast-head of a warship, streams like a flying star.

2. *Shall yet terrific burn*, Shall burn again terrific. Cp. *to burn*, here, and *to glow* in the second stanza, above.

3. *depart*, subjunctive of *to depart*, to go away. — **Grammar** : The English subjunctive is very seldom used; it is still found sometimes, however, after a few conjunctions, especially after *if* or *till*, as here).

4. *the star of peace* is opposed to *the meteor flag of England*, which burns in war-time.

Ib. return, subjunctive of *to return*. See note 3 above.

5. *ye ocean-warriors*, you mariners.

6. *feast*, rejoicing, festivity (generally including sumptuous meals and much wine-drinking).

Ib. shall flow, shall abound.

(*) *Me'teor, terrif'ic, da'nger, to cease* (hard **s**).

TENNYSON
1809-1892

Alfred Tennyson, the fourth of twelve children, was born in a very small Lincolnshire village. His father was the rector of the parish, a man of great physical and intellectual strength; his mother was a sweet and most imaginative woman. She was so kind-hearted that the wicked inhabitants of a neighbouring village used to bring their dogs to her windows and beat them in order to be bribed off by the gentle lady.


ALFRED TENNYSON.

Alfred began to love and write poetry when he was still quite a boy. He was not yet fifteen when the news of Byron's death reached his native village. " Byron was dead! I thought the whole world was at an end ", he once said, recalling those early days; " I thought everything was over and finished for every one, that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone and carved *Byron is dead!* into the sandstone."

In fact, Tennyson was hardly eighteen when he published with his brother Charles, his elder by a year, *Poems by two brothers*, and he was but twenty-one when, after having gained, at Cambridge, the Chancellor of

the University's gold medal for a poem on *Timbuctoo*, he brougth out his *Poems chiefly lyrical*, which were followed two years later by another volume containing some of his best pieces.

Tennyson's most important work is *In Memoriam*, a series of short poems to the memory of Arthur Hallam, a gifted young man, the poet's dearest friend, who died in his twenty-third year when engaged to Tennyson's sister. Other aspects of his many-sided genius are shown in the *Idylls of the King*, episodes of the legend of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, in *Enoch Arden*, the simple tale of a sailor's life, and in several dramas and lyrics.

In 1850, Tennyson became Poet-Laureate in succession to Wordsworth, who had declared him several years before " the first of the living English poets ". He was a great artist, a master of form and colour, and a singer of sweet songs. Besides, if he could not, in the same degree as Wordsworth, " see into the life of things », he was nevertheless one of the best literary interpreters of the thought of his age and country.

Questions.

1. Where was Tennyson born and educated? What do you know of his family?
2. Did he soon begin to love poetry? How did he receive the news of Byron's death?
3. How old was he when his first poems were published?
4. What are Tennyson's greatest works?
5. Why is he one of the most celebrated English poets?

Home work

1. Would you like to be a sailor? Why or Why not?
2. Do you know the subject of any poem by Tennyson (*the Charge of the Light Brigade*, for instance)? Give a short account of it in your own words.

The Sailor Boy.

[This little poem breathes the fascination for the sea which is deeply rooted in the hearts of English people. " Their home is the ocean ", and they love it for its very dangers.]

He rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
" O! boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play. "

"Fool!" he answer'd, " death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,

1. *dawn*, daybreak, the beginning of day. Contr. : *twilight*.
2. *Shot*, flew like an arrow, went very fast.
Ib. seething, heaving like boiling water. When running over the harbour-bar, the water seethes.
Ib. harbour-bar, the bank of sand across the entrance of a harbour, generally at the mouth of a river.
6. *mermaiden*, a sea-maid or sea-girl, a fabled animal having the upper part like a woman and the lower one like a fish.
7. *tho'*, for *though*.
Ib. proud, daring, brave, confident.
9. *yeasty surges*, the foamy waves that beat the shore continually. *Yeast* is the froth of malt.
10. *cave*, a natural *cavity* in a rock, a grotto (not a *cellar*).
11. *limpet*, a small shell fish, which clings to the rocks like an oyster. (Fch. *bernicle, patelle*.)
12. *scrawl*, a small crab.

(*) *To whistle* (pr. **whissle**), *ye'asty, dre'ary.*

But I will nevermore endure
  To sit with empty hands at home.

My mother clings about my neck,
  My sisters crying, "Stay, for shame!"
My father raves of death and wreck,
  They're all to blame, they're all to blame.

God help me! save I take my part
  Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
  Far worse than any death to me!"

4. *for shame*, it is shameful to leave us.
5. *raves*, talks widly, in an excited manner.
7. *God help me!* for *May* God help me in what I shall do.
Ib. save, except, unless.
8. *roaring*. The lion *roars*.
10. *Far worse*, worse by far, much worse.

(*) *To endu're, dev'il, heart* (pr. **hârt**).

The Beggar Maid.

[The pretty legend of the African King Cophetua, who, for many years, had professed to disdain all womankind, but finally fell in love with a beggar maid and married her, could not fail to take Tennyson's fancy. He delighted in such romantic tales, especially in those celebrating the power over men of woman's beauty and sweetness. This miniature gives a foretaste of the larger paintings of the *Idylls of the King*.]

HER arms across her breast she laid;
  She was more fair than words can say:
Bare-footed came the beggar maid
  Before the king Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stept down,
  To meet and greet her on her way,
"It is no wonder", said the lords,
  "She is more beautiful than day"

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
  She in her poor attire was seen:

The Beggar Maid. Notice that *maid* qualifies beggar in two ways; a *beggar maid* is both a *young* and a *female* beggar. (Fch. *La Jeune Mendiante*.) Cp. *Sailor-boy*.

2. *fair*, pretty; *more fair*, a poetical form for *fairer*.

3. *bare-footed*, with *her feet bare*, a compound adjective. — **Grammar**: Compound adjectives are frequently formed in English, especially from nouns indicating a part of the body or a faculty of the soul: *blue-eyed*, *kind-hearted*, etc.

4. *the king Cophetua*. The usual form is *King Cophetua*, without the article. Cp. Shakespeare:

"King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid."
(*Romeo and Juliet*, II, 1.)

5. *robe*, a rich and flowing gown worn over the other garments, such as a judge's, a king's.

Ib. stept, for *stepped*, from *to step*.

6. *to greet*, to salute, to welcome.

7. *It is no wonder*, a common phrase for *it is not a wonder*, it is easy to understand.

10. She was seen, in her poor attire (shining), as (much as) the moon shines in clouded skies.

(*) *Across'*, *breast* (pr. **brest**), *Cophet'ua* (pr. **Cofet'ūah**), *wond'er*, *beau'tiful* (pr. **bu'tiful**), *atti're*.



SIRE E. BURNE-JONES. — King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.
(Tate Gallery, London.)

One praised her ancles, one her eyes,
  One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
  In all that land had never been:
Cophetua sware a royal oath:
  "This beggar maid shall be my queen!"

1. *One* (of the lords).

Ib. ancles, an archaic spelling of *ankles*.

2. *her lovesome mien*, her lovely appearance, especially that of her face (Fch. *mine*).

3. *angel* is here used as an adjective, for *angelic*.

5. *sware* (for *swore*), an obsolete form.

Ib. a royal oath. An oath is a solemn promise. (Cp. *to take the oath*, prêter serment.)

6. *shall be*, an exemple of the future of authority, prediction or promise, very appropriately used in an oath.

Ib. my queen, my wife (for a king).

(*) *lov'esome* (pr. luv'sum), *a'ngel* (pr. a'njel), *oath* (pr. ōth).

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

[During the Crimean War, a battle was fought at Balaclava (1854). "The Russians attacked, and were driven back. An order was sent to Lord Cardigan, who commanded the light cavalry, to retake some guns which had been captured by the Russians. He misunderstood it, and thought that he was ordered to charge into the midst of the whole Russian army. The men knew they would die in vain, but they obeyed." A French general who was looking on said : "It is magnificent, but it is not war."]

I

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd :

1. *a league*, a distance of three miles; a mile = 1 610 m.
2. *onward ... rode*, rode ... onward. The suffix *ward* marks direction; Cp. *toward*, *backward*, *forward*, etc.
6. *the guns :* Lord Cardigan had not understood which guns he was really ordered to take.
10. *dismay'd* (for *dismayed*) from *to dismay*, to terrify, to discourage.
11. *Not tho'* (for *not though*).
12. *blundered*, from *to blunder*, to make a big mistake.

(*) **Half** (pr. **hâf**), **on'ward, for'ward', briga'de, to disma'y.**

Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd :
Plunged in the battery-smoke

1. *Their's not*, their (part) is not.
9. *Volley'd*, came in *volleys* (from Fch. *volée*.)
10. *Stormed at*, stormed *against*, beaten as by a storm.
11. *Boldly they rode and well*, boldly and well they rode.
15. *Flashed ... bare*, all their bare sabres flashed. *To flash*, to appear and disappear quickly with a sudden *flash* of light.
19. *All the world wondered :* both at the courage of the soldiers and the folly of the attempt.
20. *the battery-smoke*, the smoke of the battery of guns they had charged for.

(*) **Bo'ldly, jaw** (pr. **jâ**), **sabre** (pr. **sa'bŭr**).

Right thro'the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
 Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot ant shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

1. *Right thro'*, for *right through*, right across. *Right*, in such expressions means *completely*.
3. *Reel'd*, form *to reel*, to stagger, to vacillate.
4. *Shattered and sundered*, destroyed and dispersed.
9. *behind*, not *in front* as in the third stanza; now, the Light Brigade is returning after the charge : *through* (not *into*) the jaws of Death, *back from* (not *into*) the mouth of Hell.
18. *fade*, disappear gradually, die away.
19. *wild*, here terrible.

(*) *Russ'ian* (pr. **Rŭs'han**), *he'ro*, *glo'ry*, *hon'our* (mute **h**).

KINGSLEY.

1819-1875.

Charles Kingsley, the son of a country clergyman, spent most of his life in a small village as curate and then vicar. In 1860, however, he was appointed professor of Modern History at Cambridge and became in 1873 canon of Westminster and chaplain to Queen Victoria.

Kingsley was deeply interested in social questions and in history, and his writings, both in poetry and prose, are full of life and enthusiasm. Among his many brilliant novels, *Westward Ho!* a tale of Elizabethan adventure, is still greatly appreciated by English boys. Some of his "Songs" reproduce the tone and possess the directness and simplicity of the old ballads. *The Three Fishers*, a very popular one, shows the sympathy of Kingsley, who called himself a "Christian Socialist", with the toils and sufferings of the poor.



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The Three Fishers.

[A realistic tragedy of every day life, bitter, pathetic, and manly nevertheless. A masterpiece in three stanzas.]

Three fishers went sailing away to the west,
  Away to the west as the sun went down,
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
  And the children stood watching them out of the town,
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
  And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
  And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
  In the morning gleam, as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
  For those who will never come home to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

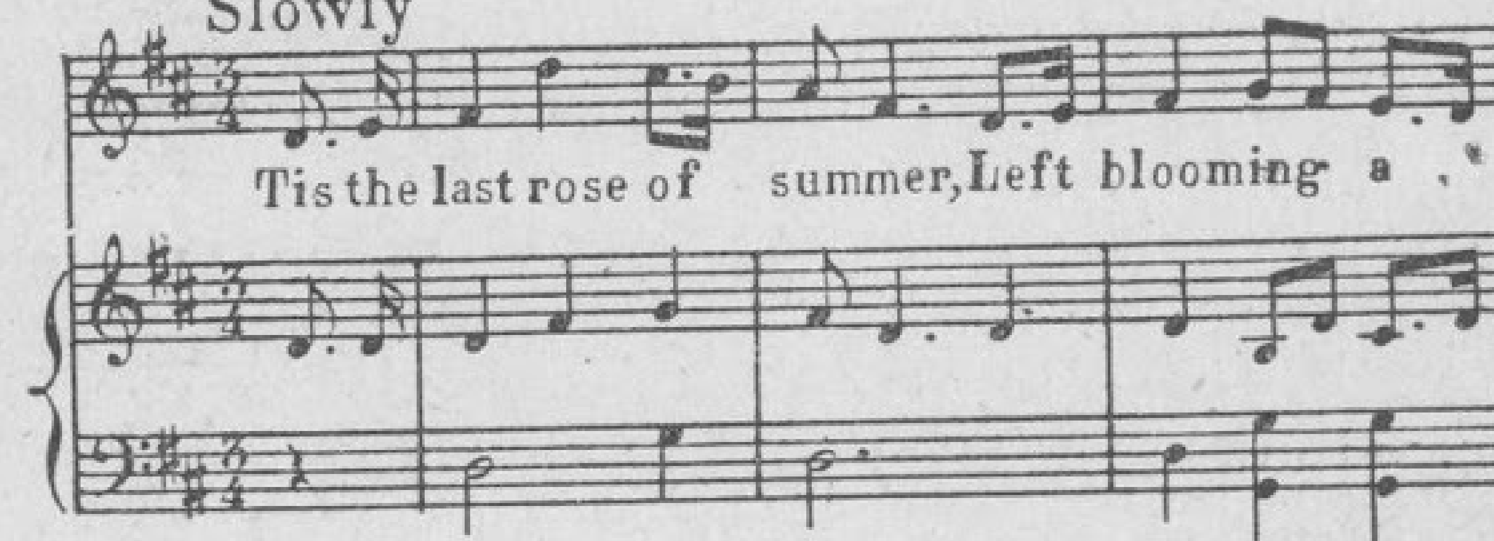
3. *on,* for *of.*
6. *many,* many children.
7. *the harbour-bar*. the bank of sand across the entrance of a harbour, generally at the mouth of a river. In stormy weather, the waves dash against the *harbour-bar* with a sad sound.
Ib. moaning, from *to moan,* to utter a low sound of grief or pain; — *be,* in *be moaning* is the subjunctive of *to be,* now very seldom used.
9. *trimmed,* clipped, cut the wicks to the proper form.
10. *squall,* a violent gust of wind.
11. *rack,* broken clouds flying across the sky.
15. *corpse,* a dead body.
16. *gleam,* brightness, light.
17. *To wring,* to twist or writhe as an expression of grief.
20. *it's over,* life is over, past.
Ib. the sooner to sleep, the sooner rest and quiet will come.

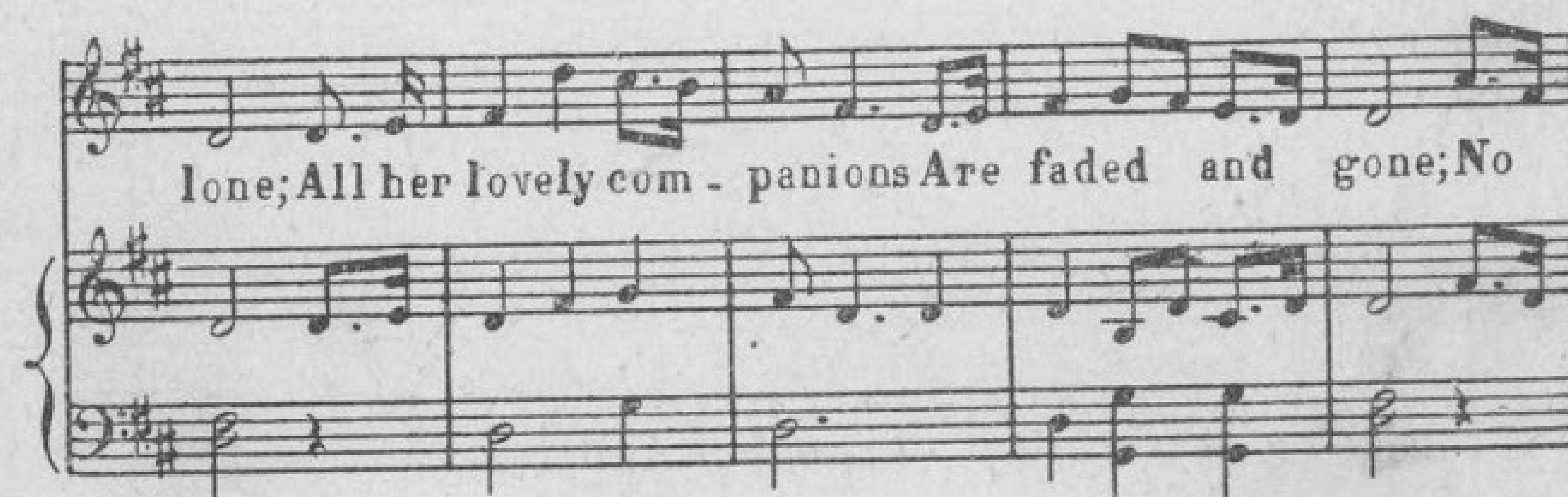
Pronunciation. — *Li'ghthouse, ragged* (sound ed), *wring'ing* (w is mute).

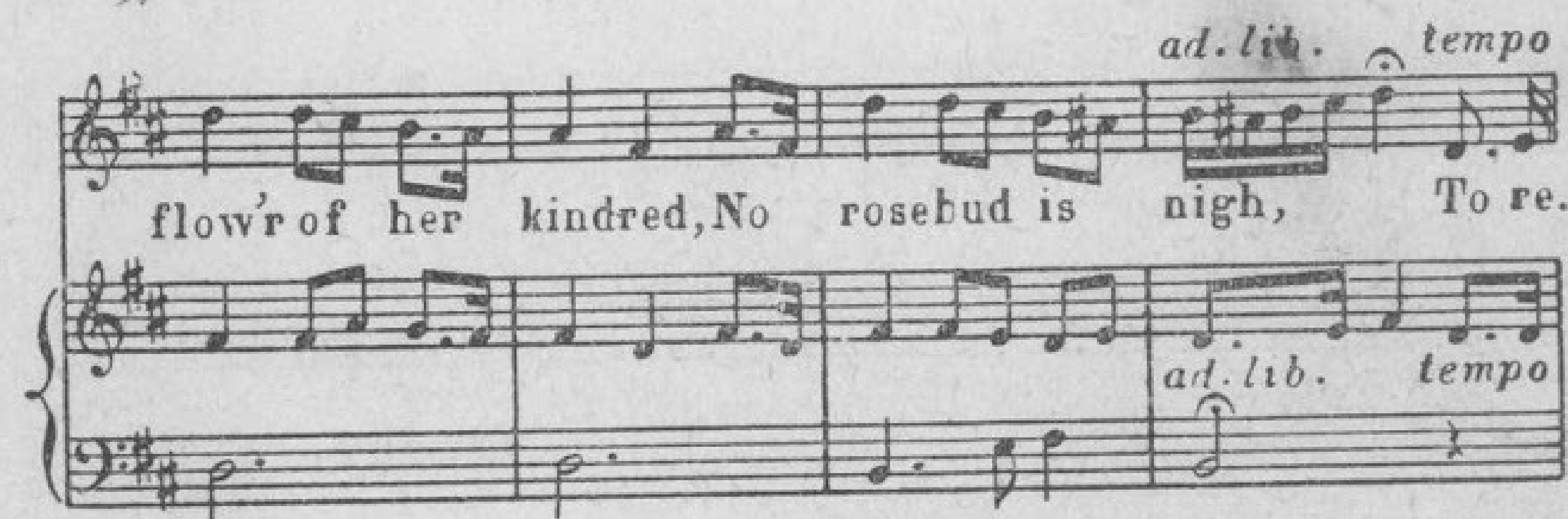
The Last Rose of Summer.

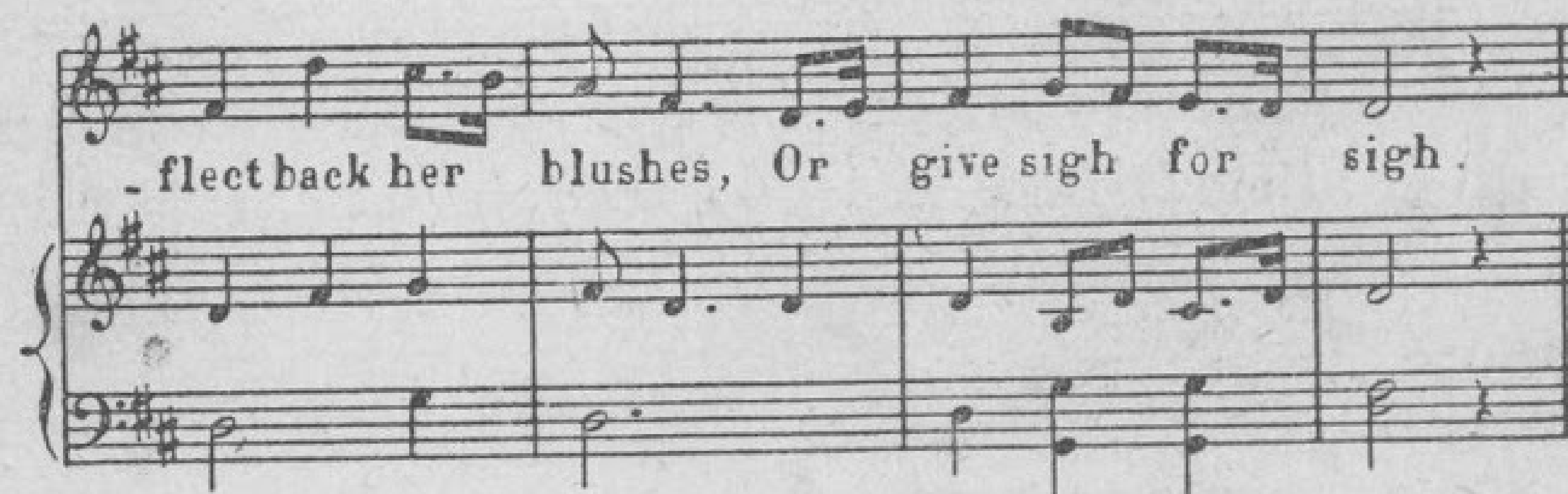
Words by Thomas Moore. Old Irish Melody.

Slowly









(See pages 170 and 171 the words of the 2nd and 3rd verses.)

Ye Mariners of England.

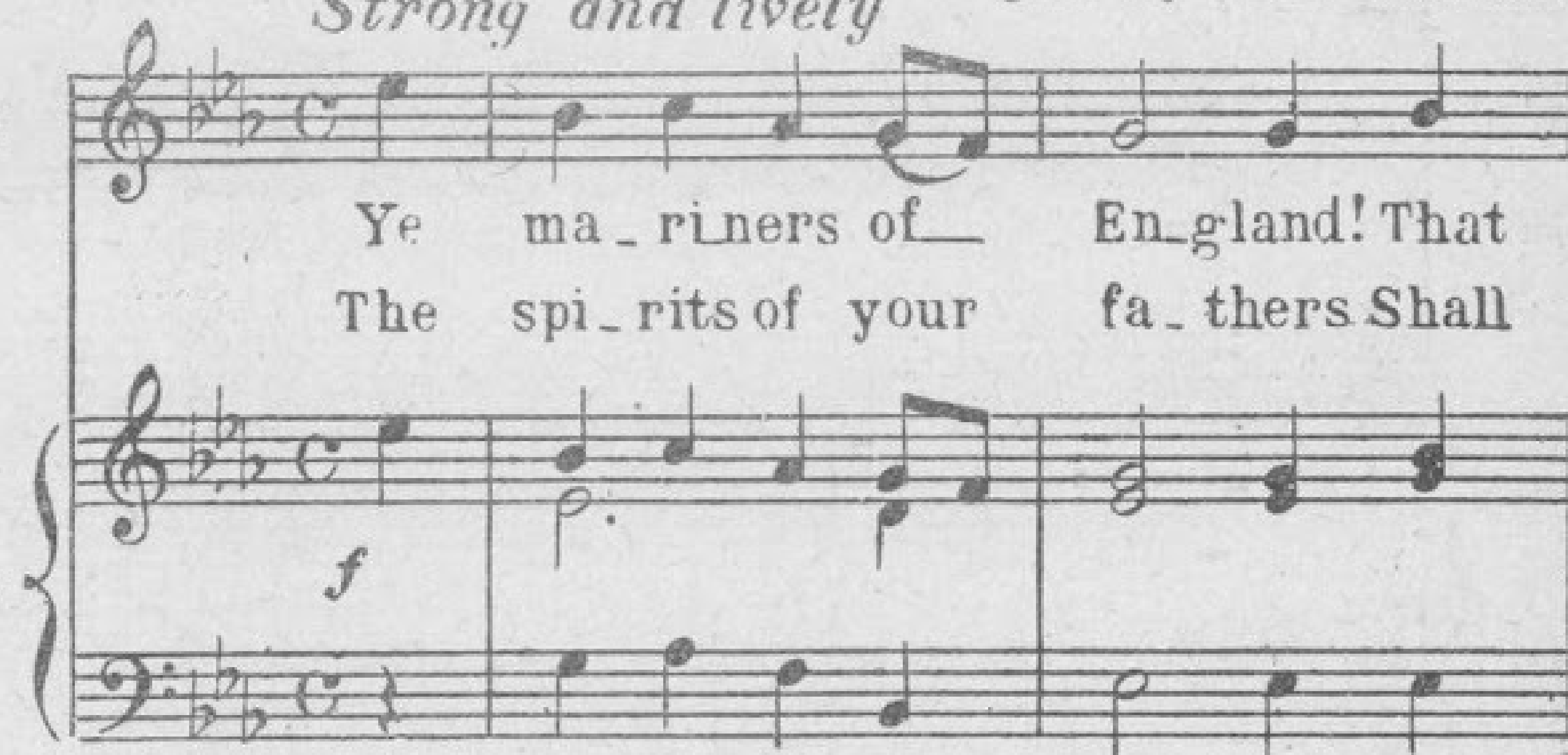
T. CAMPBELL.
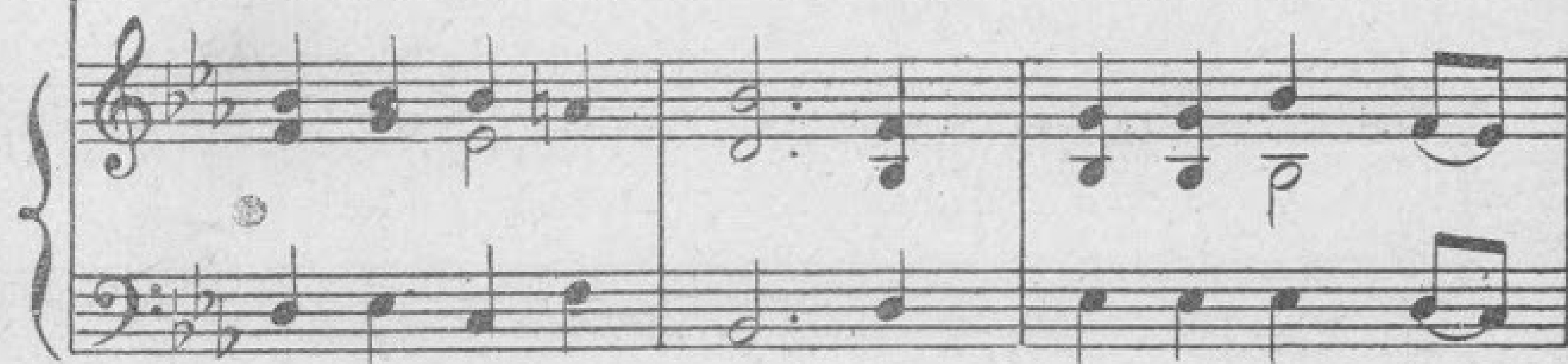
Arranged from an old English glee by JOHN FARMER.
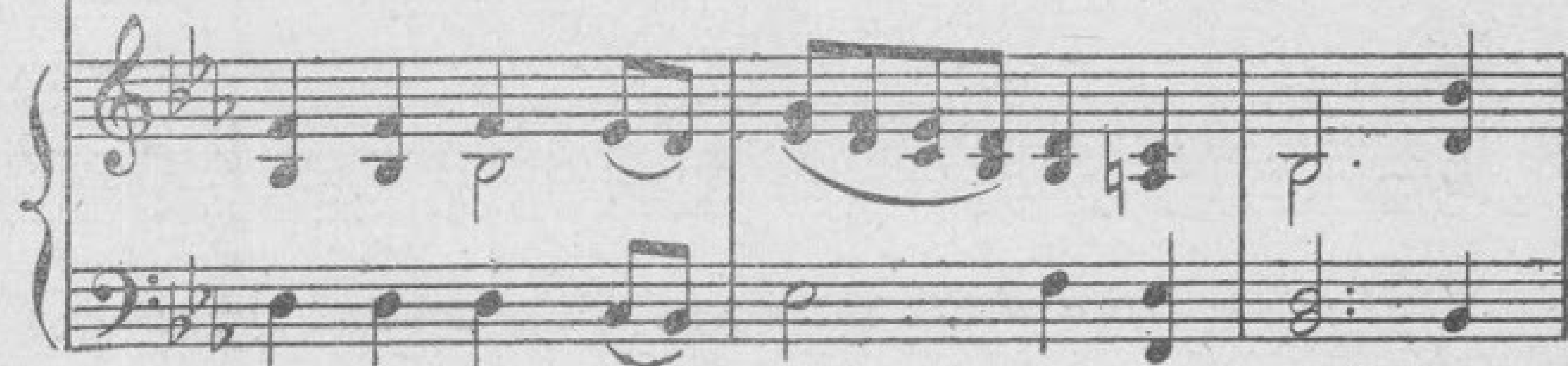
Strong and lively
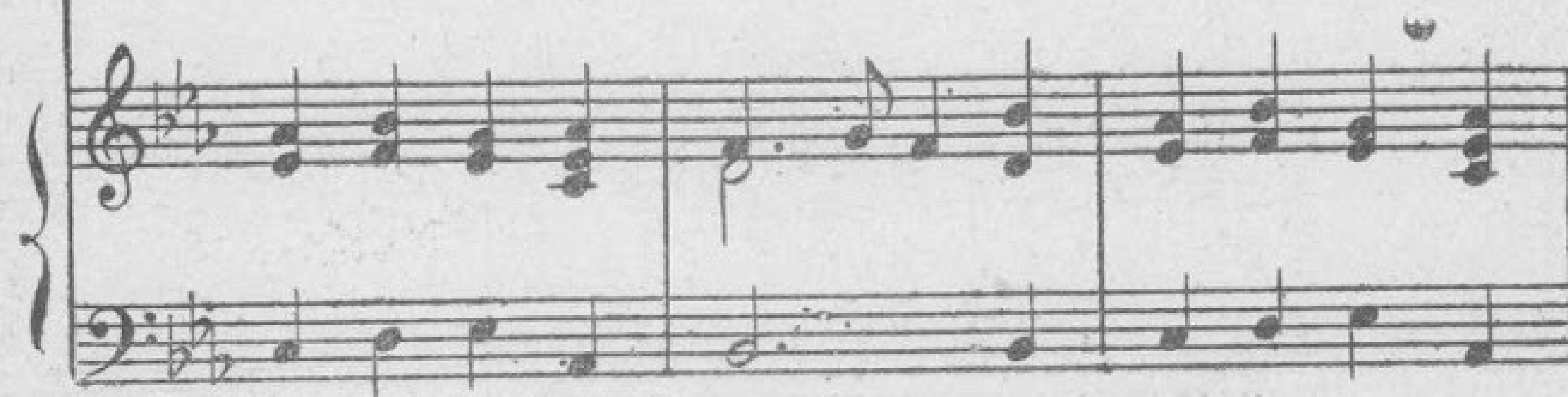
VOICE

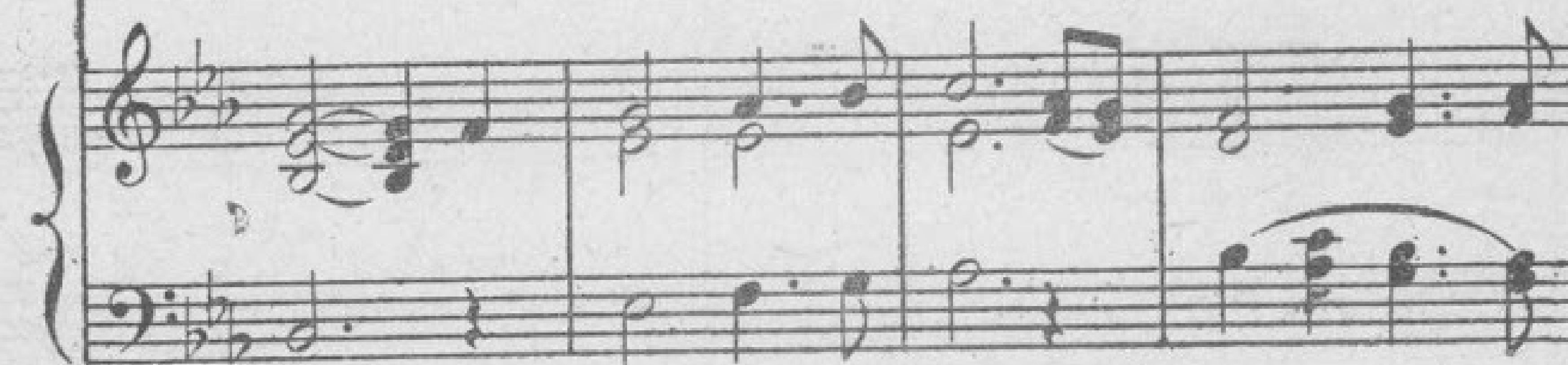
PIANO

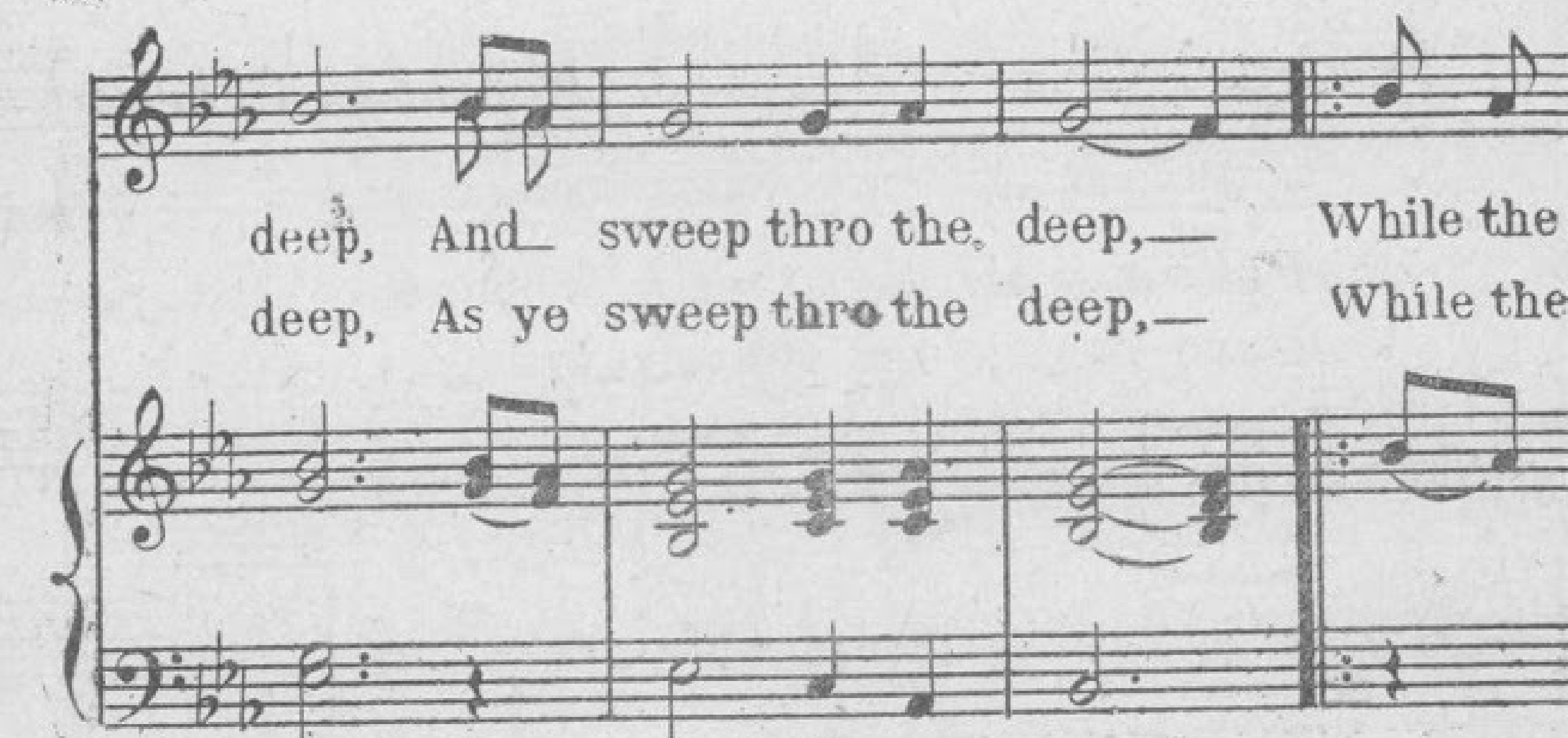












stormy winds do blow,___ While the stormy winds do
stormy winds do blow,___ While the stormy winds do

blow;_______ While the bat_tle ra_ges
blow;_______ While the bat_tle ra_ges

Repeat as Chorus

loud and long And the storm_y_ winds do blow
loud and long And the storm_y_ winds do blow

PRÉPARATION A L'ÉPREUVE ÉCRITE DU BREVET SUPÉRIEUR

SUJETS DE VERSIONS

Les textes des versions proposées à l'examen du brevet supérieur dans les diverses académies sont empruntés pour la plupart aux grands auteurs des XVIIIe et XIXe siècles. Pour les présenter avec ordre et pour aider les professeurs à donner à leurs élèves quelques notions sur la littérature anglaise moderne, nous avons groupé chronologiquement les versions que nous avons recueillies ou choisies, et nous avons fourni sur les auteurs de très brèves indications. Bien entendu, nous avons laissé de côté les morceaux empruntés aux ouvrages cités dans la première partie de ce recueil, où les professeurs trouveront de très nombreux sujets de versions.

Rappelons que les candidats ne doivent se servir, à l'examen, que d'un dictionnaire en langue étrangère, et qu'il ne leur est accordé qu'une heure pour faire leur version.

XVIIIth CENTURY

DEFOE (1663-1731)

The author of *Robinson Crusoé*, Daniel Defoe, is the father of the English novel; he was also one of the founders of English journalism with the *Review*, a literary and political magazine which he started in 1704.

On swimming.

Men are drowned by raising their arms above water. Other animals have neither notion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a

man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he move his hands under water any manner he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him free liberty to breathe; and, if he move his legs as in the act of walking or rather of walking up stairs, his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes.

B. S., Académie de Rennes, 1901.

The foot of a man.

One day about noon, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand : I stood like one thunder-struck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked round me. I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground to look farther, but with equal effect. When I came to my castle, I fled into it like one pursued.

(*Robinson Crusoe.*)

B. S., Académie d'Aix, 1904.

Friday.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large, tall and well-shaped, and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face; and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The colour of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny.

(*Robinson Crusoe.*)

SWIFT (1667-1745)

Jonathan Swift, after having failed to reach eminence in political life, became Dean of the cathedral of St Patrick, Dublin, and always thought himself a victim. He shows his bitter spirit in his works, and especially in his most famous political satire : *Gulliver's Travels*.

Gulliver in Lilliput.

When I awaked, it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin, when bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back.

(*Gulliver's Travels.*)

B. E. P. S., Paris, octobre 1923.

Gulliver's house in Lilliput.

At the place where the carriage stopped, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom; which having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate, fronting to the north, was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side was a small window, not above six inches from the ground.

(*Gulliver's Travels.*)

B. S., Académie de Dijon, octobre 1923.

The quarrel between big endians and small endians.

It began upon the following occasion : it is allowed on all hands that the primitive way of breaking eggs before we eat them was upon the larger end; but his present Majesty's grand-father, while he was a boy and going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut his finger. Whereupon the Emperor his father published an edict commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this that there have been six rebellions, our histories tell us, raised on that account wherein one Emperor lost his life, and another his crown. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have, at several times, suffered death rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end.

(*Gulliver's Travels.*)

B. S., Académie de Strasbourg, juillet 1924.

Adventures of Gulliver in Brobdingnag.

One day the queen's daughter left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the mean time, there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately, by the force of it, struck to the ground; and when I was down, the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I made a shift to creep on all fours, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face close to a border of thyme, but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. And this is not at all to be wondered at, because nature, in that country, observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is nearly eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious as to weigh and measure them.

(*Gulliver's Travels.*)

B. S., Académie d'Aix, 1901.

ADDISON (1672-1719)

A poet, a dramatist and a statesman, Joseph Addison is chiefly remembered as an essayist : he wrote short articles on moral and literary subjects in several magazines, such as *The Tatler*, and afterwards in a daily paper, the *Spectator* : they are full of good sense and good humour, and written in excellent style.

A repair of ghosts.

I cannot but fancy this place one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbour of several solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time, the walk of elms with the croaking of the ravens, which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceedingly solemn and venerable. And when night heightens the awfulness of the place, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

B. S., Académie de Caen, juillet 1924.

The drop of water.

A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection : " Alas! what an insignificant creature I am in this prodigious ocean of water! my existence is of no concern to the universe; I am reduced to a kind of nothingness, and am less than the least of the works of God! " It so happened that an oyster which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallowed

it in the midst of its humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a long time hardening in the shell, till by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem.

B. S., Académie de Caen, octobre 1901.

The power of education.

I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

B. S., Académie de Lille, octobre 1901,

Assiduity to be applied to good purposes.

I once saw a shepherd, says a famous Italian author, who used to divert himself in his solitude with tossing up eggs, and catching them again without breaking them ; in which he had arrived at so great a degree of perfection, that he would keep up four at a time for several minutes together playing in the air and falling into his hands by turns. I think, says the author, I never saw a greater severity than in this man's face; for by his wonderful perseverance and application, he had contracted the seriousness and gravity of a privy counsellor : and I could not but reflect with myself that the same assiduity and attention, had they been rightly applied, might have made him a greater mathematician than Archimedes.

B. S., Académie de Paris, juillet 1901.

POPE (1698-1744)

The XVIIIth century is rather poor in real poets. Alexander Pope, however, deserves to be remembered for his wit and his literary skill (*The Rape of the Lock*, *Essay on Criticism*).

The oyster and the travellers.

Once, says an author (where, I need not say),
Two travellers found an oyster in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
While, scale in hand, dame Justice pass'd along.
Before her, each with clamours pleads the laws,
Explains the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight.
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
" Thou take ", says Justice, " take you each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you :
'Twas a fat oyster. — Live in peace, adieu. "

B. S., Académie de Poitiers, 1901.

Autumn. To Mr. Digby.

October 10, 1723.

Do not talk of the decay of the year; the season is good when the people are so. It is the best time in the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves; the prospects begin to open, through the thinner woods over the valleys, and through the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven; the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and scatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the forests are fresh and wholesome. What would you have? The moon shines too, though not for lovers, these cold nights, but for astronomers.

GOLDSMITH (1718-1774)

Oliver Goldsmith, a very lovable and improvident Irishman, was equally well gifted as a poet (*The Deserted Village*), a dramatist (*She stoops to conquer*), a novelist (*The Vicar of Wakefield*) and even as an essayist and an historian.

Dr Primrose describes his house.

Our little inhabitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind and a prattling river before : on one side a meadow, on the other a green. The house consisted of but one storey, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served as for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates and coppers, being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture.

(*The Vicar of Wakefield.*)

B. S., Académie de Lyon, octobre 1923.

The vicar's wife.

My wife was a good-natured woman. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving and cookery, none could excel her.

We loved each other tenderly and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusement, in visiting our rich neighbours and relieving such as were poor.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or

stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine for which we had great reputation. If we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us : for this remark will hold good through life that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated.

(*The Vicar of Wakefield.*)

B. S. Académie de Grenoble, juillet 1923.

FRANKLIN (1706-1790)

The youngest son and fifteenth child of a family of seventeen children, Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston (Massachusetts). After being apprenticed at twelve to a printer, he became a journalist, and, later, owing to his exceptional energy and perseverance, one of the great scientists of his time and one of the leaders of American independence. His *Essays* and his *Autobiography* are full of sound moral advice.

How I became a printer.

From my infancy I was passionately fond of reading and all the money that came into my hands was laid out in the purchasing of books. I was very fond of voyages. My first acquisition was Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterwards sold them to enable me to buy others. There was among them Plutarch's *Lives*, which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, through he had already one son, James, of that profession. I was to serve an apprenticeship till I was twenty-one years of age. In a little time I made a great progress in the business and became a useful hand to my brother.

On the necessity of stooping.

The last time I saw your father was the beginning of 1724, when I visited him after my first trip to Pennsylvania. He received me in his library; and, on my taking leave, showed

me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam overhead. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly towards him, when he said hastily : " Stoop! Stoop! " I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed any occasion of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me : " You are young, and have the world before you : stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps. "

B. S., Académie de Paris, 1901.

XIXth CENTURY

(For Ch. Lamb, Wordsworth, Keats, Campbell, Moore, Tennyson, Kingsley, Longfellow, Washington Irving and Kipling, see notices and extracts in the first part of the book).

LORD BYRON (1788-1824)

The romantic period has no better representative than Lord Byron. He led an adventurous and irregular life, and at thirty-six years of age, died of fever at Missolonghi, in an expedition against the Turks. His masterpiece is *the Pilgrimage of Childe Harold*. Shelley (1792-1822), one of Byron's friends, who was drowned at thirty by accident, was also one of the great names of the Romantic school.

Waterloo.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? —No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street,
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet —
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

The burning of Shelley's body.

We have been burning the bodies of Shelley and Williams on the sea shore, to render them fit for removal and regular interment. You can have no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, on a desolate shore, with mountains in the back-ground and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to the flame. All of Shelley was consumed, except his heart, which would not take the flame, and is now preserved in spirits of wine. It was not a Bible that was found in Shelley's pocket, but John Keats's poems, However, it would not have been strange, for he was a great admirer of Scripture as a composition.

(To Mr. Moore, Aug. 27, 1822.)

SCOTT (1771-1832)

It is said that Scott, who began with writing verse, decided to give it up and to turn a novelist when Byron published his first poems. Anyhow, his historical novels were extremely successful and are still very interesting to read, especially *Ivanhoe* and *Quentin Durward*.

Mary Stewart.

Mary Stewart, the young widow of the French king Francis the Second, and the hereditary Queen of Scotland, was accounted the most beautiful and accomplished woman of

her time. Her countenance was lovely; she was tall, well formed, elegant in all her motions, and skilled in the exercises of riding and dancing. Her education in France had been carefully attended to; she was mistress of several languages, and understood state-affairs, in which her husband had often followed her advice.

The beauty of Mary was enhanced by her great condescension and by her good-humour and gaiety. The Catholic religion, in which she had been strictly educated, was a great blemish in the eyes of her people, but on the whole, the nation expected her return with more hope and joy than Mary herself entertained at the thought of exchanging the fine climate of France and the gaieties of its court, for the rough tempests and turbulent politics of her native country.

B. S., Académie de Paris, juillet 1924.

Raleigh's first interview with Queen Elizabeth.

The gates of the palace opened; the ushers issued forth in array and finally Elizabeth herself came out.

Raleigh pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted to approach the person of his sovereign. At last he stood full in Elizabeth's eye. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As the queen hesitated to pass on, the gallant cavalier, throwing off his shoulders the rich cloak he wore, laid it on the miry spot so as to ensure her stepping over it dry-shod. The queen blushed, nodded her head, hastily passed on, without saying a word. An order from her Majesty soon arrived calling Raleigh unto her presence. The young man hastened to obey, the muddied cloak still hanging upon his arm. This was the beginning of the fortune of Raleigh, who was afterwards to acquire such fame in English history and literature.

B. S., Académie de Poitiers, 1904.

MACAULAY (1800-1859)

Thomas Babington (afterwards Lord) Macaulay was of Scottish lineage and became equally famous as a parliamentary orator, a literary critic, the author of an important *History of England* and the poet of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. His style is very clear and pure.

The Normans.

The Normans abandoned their native speech, and adopted the French tongue, in which the Latin was the predominant element. They speedily raised their new language to a dignity and importance which it had never before possessed. They found it a barbarous jargon; they fixed it in writing, and they employed it in legislation, in poetry and in romance. They renounced that brutal intemperance to which all the other branches of the great German family were too much inclined. The polite luxury of the Norman presented a striking contrast to the coarse voracity and drunkenness of his Saxon and Danish neighbours.

B. S., Académie d'Aix, 1904.

Character of Lewis XIV.

The personal qualities of Lewis the Fourteenth added to the respect inspired by the power and importance of his kingdom. No sovereign has ever represented the majesty of a great State with more dignity and grace. He had shown in an eminent degree two talents invaluable to a prince, the talent of choosing his servants well, and the talent of appropriating to himself the chief part of the credit of their acts. In his dealings with foreign powers he had some generosity, but no justice. He broke through the most sacred ties of public faith without scruple or shame, whenever they interfered with his interest, or with what he called his glory.

B. S., Académie de Poitiers, 1904.

English watering places in the XVIIth century.

England was not, in the seventeenth century, destitute of watering places. The gentry of Derbyshire and of the neighbouring counties repaired to Buxton, where they were lodged in low rooms under bare rafters, and regaled with a viand which the hosts called mutton, but which the guests suspected to be dog. Tunbridge-Wells, lying within a day's journey of the capital, and in one of the richest and most highly civilized parts of the kingdom, had much greater attractions. At present we see there a town which would, a hundred and sixty years ago, have ranked in population fourth or fifth among the towns of England. The brilliancy of the shops and the luxury of the private dwellings far surpasses anything that England could then show. When the court visited Tunbridge-Wells, there was no town : but, within a mile of the spring, rustic cottages, somewhat cleaner and neater than the ordinary cottages of that time, were scattered over the heath.

B. S., Académie de Besançon, juillet 1923.

The City of London.

The City, properly so called, was long the most important division of London. But, at present, the bankers, the merchants and the chief shopkeepers repair thither every morning for the transaction of business, but they reside at suburban country seats surrounded by shrubberies and flower gardens. The City is no longer regarded by the wealthiest trade with that attachment which every man naturally feels for his home. The fireside, the nursery, the social table, the quiet bed are not there. Lombard street and Threadneedle street are merely places where men toil and accumulate. They go elsewhere to enjoy and expend.

(*History of England.*)

B. S., Académie de Dijon, 1901.

THACKERAY (1811-1863)

After having studied painting, William Makepeace Thackeray became a novelist with a strong satirical tendency. His best-known works are *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*, and his amusing *Book of Snobs*.

A baronet's dinner.

The great dinner bell rang, and we all assembled in the little drawing-room where my Lady Crawley sits. She is the second Lady Crawley, and mother of the young ladies. She was an ironmonger's daughter, and her marriage was thought a great match. She looks as if she had been handsome once, and her eyes are always weeping for the loss of her beauty. She is pale and meagre and high-shouldered; and has not a word to say for herself, evidently. Her step-son, Mr. Crawley, was likewise in the room. He was in full dress, as pompous as an undertaker. He is pale, thin, ugly, silent; he has thin legs, no chest, hay-coloured whiskers, and straw-coloured hair. He is the very picture of his sainted mother over the mantle-piece.

(*Vanity Fair.*)

William Dobbin at school.

Of all the young gentlemen educated at Dr. Swishtail's famous school, William Dobbin was the quietest, the clumsiest, and, as it seemed, the dullest. His parent was a grocer in the City : and it was bruited abroad that he was admitted into Dr. Swishtail's academy upon what are called " mutual principles "—that is to say, the expenses of his board and schooling were defrayed by his father in goods, not money; and he stood there—almost at the bottom of the school, as the representative of so many pounds of tea, candles, sugar, soap, plums (of which a very mild proportion was supplied for the puddings of the establishment), and other commodities.

(*Vanity Fair.*)

DICKENS (1812-1870)

Charles Dickens was a self-made man who began his literary career as a shorthand-writer and a newspaper-reporter. In 1836, he published his *Sketches by Boz*, soon followed by the *Pickwick Papers* and a long series of very popular novels such as *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *David Copperfield*.

Dickens to his wife.

Greta Bridge, Thursday, 1st February 1838.

My dearest Kate,

I am afraid you will receive this later than I could wish, as the mail does not come through this place until two o'clock to-morrow morning. We reached Grantham between nine and ten, on Thursday night, and found everything prepared for our reception. Yesterday we were up again shortly after seven A. M., and came on upon our journey by the Glasgow mail. As we came further north, the snow grew deeper. About eight o'clock it began to fall heavily and, as we crossed the wild heaths hereabout, there was no vestige of a track. The mail kept on well however, and at eleven we reached a bare place with a house which the guard informed us was Greta Bridge.

A thousand loves to my darling boy.

Ever, my dear Kate,

your affectionate husband,
Charles Dickens.

B. S., Académie de Paris, 1901.

A Christmas carol.

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, puddings, fruit and punch, all vanished instantly.

So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas

morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough, but brisk and not unpleasant kind of music in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses....

The house-fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the roofs, and with the dirtier snow upon the ground; which last deposit had been ploughed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and wagons.... The sky was gloomy; and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed, half-frozen. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet there was an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain.

B. E. P. S., Académie de Grenoble, juillet 1923.

The child's death.

In a small bed-room the fairest and youngest child lay dying; the roses had fled from his cheek, and the light from his eye; and even then the old man looked upon him with an interest he had never felt or known before he died. His young brothers and sisters crowded round his little bed, and seized his tiny hand so cold and heavy; but they shrunk back from its touch, and looked with awe on his infant face; for, calm and tranquil as it was, and sleeping in rest and peace, as the beautiful child seemed to be, they saw that he was dead and they knew that he was an angel, looking down upon them and blessing them, from a bright and happy heaven.

B. S., Académie de Poitiers, 1904.

A London fog.

It was a foggy day, and the fog was heavy and dark. Animate London with smarting eyes and irritated lungs, was blinking, wheezing and choking; inanimate London was a sooty spectre, divided on purpose between being visible

and invisible, and so being wholly neither. Gasligths flared in the shops with a haggard and unblest air, as knowing themselves to be night creatures that had no business abroad under the sun; while the sun itself, when it was for a few moments dimly indicated through circling eddies of fog, showed as if it had gone out and were collapsing flat and cold. Even in the surrounding country it was a foggy day, but there the fog was grey, whereas in London it was rusty black.

B. S., Académie de Bordeaux, octobre 1923.

The great fire of London (1666)

The fire began on the second of September 1666, at 10 o'clock at night. The flames first broke out at a baker's shop near London Bridge. It spread and spread, and burned and burned for three days. The nights were lighter than the days : in the day-time there was an immense cloud of smoke, and in night-time, there was a great tower of fire mounting up into the sky, which lighted the whole country ten miles round. Showers of hot ashes rose into the air and fell on distant places; flying sparks carried the conflagration to great distances and kindled it in twenty new spots at a time. The summer had been intensely hot and dry. Nothing could stop the tremendous fire but the want of more houses to burn.

B. S., Académie de Dijon, juillet 1923.

RUSKIN (1819-1899)

The great charm of John Ruskin is undoubtedly the harmony of his style, but his artistic criticism (*Modern Painters*) and his social ideas had a gread influence on his time.

The place of art in life.

It is a general law of singular importance in the present day, a law of simple common sense, not to decorate things belonging to purposes of active and occupied life. Wherever

you can rest, there decorate; where rest is forbidden, so is beauty. You must not mix ornament with business, any more than you may mix play. Work first, and then gaze, but do not use golden plough-shares, nor bind ledgers in enamel. Do not thrash with sculptured flails, nor put bas-reliefs on mill-stones.

B. S., Académie de Lille, 1901.

On the study of words.

You must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable, nay, letter by letter. A well educated gentleman may not know many languages,—may not be able to speak any but his own,—may have read very few books. But whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly. An uneducated person may know, by memory, many languages, and talk them all; and yet truly know not a word of any,—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person; so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar.

B. S., Académie de Lyon, juillet 1923.

The Campagna di Roma.

Perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna di Roma under evening light. Let the reader imagine himself for a moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his foot, for its substance is white, hollow and carious, like the dusty wreck of the bones of men. The long knotted grass waves and tosses feebly in the evening wind and the shadows of its motion shake feverishly along the banks of ruin that lift themselves to the

sunlight. Hillocks of mouldering earth heave around him as if the dead beneath were struggling in their sleep. From the plain to the mountains, the shattered aqueducts vanish into darkness like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners passing before a nation's grave.

B. S., Académie de Bordeaux, juillet 1923.

GEORGE ELIOT (1820-1880)

The first of the great English women novelists, George Eliot deserves to be placed on the same level as Thackeray and Dickens. She knew English country-life very well and described it with remarkable insight, especially in *Adam Bede* and *Silas Marner*.

Brother and sister.

It was one of their happy mornings. They trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them : they would only get bigger and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays; they would always live together and be fond of each other. And the mill with its booming—the great chestnut-tree under which they played at houses—their own little river, the Ripple, where Tom was always seeing the water-rats, while Maggie gathered the purple tops of the reeds—above all, the great Floss, along which they wandered to see the rushing spring-tide come up like a hungry monster—these things would always be the same to them.

(*The Mill on the Floss.*)

B. S., Académie de Chambéry, 1904.

A strong man.

Such a voice could only come from a broad chest, and the broad chest belonged to a large-boned muscular man, nearly six feet high, with a back so flat and a head so well poised, that when he drew himself up to take a more distant survey of his work, he had the air of a soldier standing at ease. The sleeve rolled up above the elbow showed an arm that was likely to win the prize for feats of strength; yet the long supple hand with its bony finger-tips, looked ready for works of skill.

(*Adam Bede.*)

B. S., Académie de Chambéry, 1901.

MISCELLANEOUS

Some of the pieces set in various centres are unsigned or signed by minor writers. We also give a selection of these.

The country church.

There are few places more favourable to the study of character than an English country-church. I was once passing a few weeks at the seat of a friend, who resided in the vicinity of one the appearance of which particularly struck my fancy. It was one of those rich morsels of quaint antiquity which give such a peculiar charm to English landscape. It stood in the midst of a county filled with ancient families, and contained, within its cold and silent aisles, the congregated dust of many noble generations. The interior walls were incrusted with monuments of every age and style.

W. Irving (1783-1859).

B. S., Académie de Strasbourg, juillet 1923.

November.

The weather is as peaceful to day, as calm, and as mild, as in early April; and, perhaps, an autumn afternoon and a spring morning do resemble each other more in feeling, and even in appearance, than any two periods of the year. There is in both the same freshness and dewiness of the herbage; the same balmy softness in the air; and the same pure and lovely blue sky, with white fleecy clouds floating across it. The chief difference lies in the absence of flowers and the presence of leaves. But then the foliage of November

is so rich, and glowing, and varied, that it may well supply the place of the gay blossoms of the spring; whilst all the flowers of the field or the garden could never make amends for the want of leaves—that beautiful and graceful attire in which nature has clothed the rugged forms of trees—the verdant drapery to which the landscape owes its loveliness and the forests their glory.

Miss Mitford (1787-1815).
(*Our village.*)

B. S., Académie de Lyon, octobre 1923.

The advice of experience.

Ready and William continued their way through the cocoanut grove for more than an hour longer, marking the trees as they went along. They then sat down to take their breakfast and the two dogs lay down by them.

" Don't give the dogs any water, Master William, nor any of the salt meat. Give them biscuit only.

— But they are very thirsty; may I not give them a little?

—No : we shall want it all ourselves, in the first place, and in the next, I wish them to be thirsty. And, Master William, take my advice and only drink a small quantity of water at a time. It is quite sufficient to quench the thirst; and the more you drink, the more you want;

—Then I should not eat so much salt meat;

—Very true : the less you eat, the better; unless we find water and fill our bottles again.

—But we have our axes and can always cut down a cocoanut and get the milk from the young nuts.

—Very true; but still we could not do very well on cocoanut-milk alone. Now, Master William, we will go if you do not feel tired. "

Captain Marryat (1792-1848).
(*Matterman Ready.*)

B. S. Académie de Nancy, octobre 1923.

The ship has gone.

Mr. Seagrave and Mrs. Seagrave walked away from the beach without speaking; the remainder of the party, with exception of old Ready, followed them. How different was the return to the house from the joyous descent to the beach. Ready remained some time with his eyes in the direction where the vessel was last seen. He was melancholy, for he had a foreboding that it would be seen no more. At last, he hauled down the flag, and, throwing it over his shoulder, followed the disconsolate party to the house. Words cannot express the feeling of bitter disappointment which they all felt. The disappearance of the ship seemed to carry away with it all hopes of rescue.

Captain Marryat.

B. S., Académie de Strasbourg, octobre 1923.

Scenery in thê English Lake Country.

I question whether any part of the world looks so beautiful as England, this part of England at least, on a fine summer morning. It makes one think the more cheerfully of human life to see such a bright universal verdure; such sweet, rural, peaceful, flower-bordered cottages, not cottages of gentility, but dwellings of the labouring poor; such nice villas along the roadside so tastefully contrived for comfort and beauty, and adorned more and more, year after year, with the care and after-thought of people who mean to live in them a great while, and feel as if their children might live in them also. And so they plant trees to overshadow their walks, and train ivy and all beautiful vines up against their walls. And the climate helps them out and makes everything moist and green, and full of tender life.

Hawthorne (1804-1864).

B. S. Académie de Montpellier; juillet 1923.

Politeness in New-Zealand.

On coming near one of the huts, I was much amused by seeing the ceremony of rubbing, or, as it ought to be called, pressing noses. The women, on our first approach, squatted themselves down and held up their faces; my companion standing over them, one after another, placed the bridge of his nose at right angles to theirs, and commenced pressing. This lasted rather longer than a cordial shake of the hand with us; and, as we vary the force of the grasp of the hand in shaking, so do they in pressing. During the process they uttered comfortable little grunts, very much in the same manner as two pigs do, when rubbing against each other.

DARWIN (1809-1882).

(*A naturalist's voyage round the world.*)

B. S., Seine, 1904.

Miss Betsy Barker's cow.

And old lady had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the short quarter of an hour call without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligence of this animal. The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betsy Barker's Alderney; therefore great was the sympathy and regret when, in an unguarded moment the poor cow tumbled into a lime pit. She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard and rescued; but meanwhile the poor beast had lost most of her hair, and came out looking soaked, cold, and miserable, in a bare skin. Everybody pitied the animal though a few could not restrain their smiles at her droll appearance. Miss Betsy Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay; and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil. This remedy, perhaps, was recommended by some one of the number whose advice she asked; but the proposal, if ever it was made, was knocked on the head by Captain Brown's decided " Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, ma' am, if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once ".

Miss Betsy Barker dried her eyes, and thanked the captain heartily; she set to work, and by-and-by all the town turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture, clad in dark gray flannel. I have watched her myself many a time. Do you ever see cows dressed in gray flannel in London?

MRS. GASKELL (1810-1865).

(*Cranford.*)

B. S. Académie de Rennes, juillet 1923.

The grocer and the surgeon.

When John Abernethy, the eminent surgeon, was canvassing for the office of surgeon to St-Bartholomew's Hospital, he called upon one of the governors, a rich grocer, who always seized upon every opportunity of making his importance felt. The great man behind the counter seeing the great surgeon enter, immediately assumed the grand air towards the supposed suppliant for his vote. " I presume, Sir, you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life. " Abernethy, who hated humbugs and felt nettled at the tone, replied : " No, I don't; I want a pennyworth of figs. Come, look sharp and wrap them up. I want to be off! "

Samuel SMILES (1812-1875).

B. S. Académie de Paris, 1901.

An iceberg.

As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue colour and in the midst there floated the immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shadow, and its white points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it and admiring in different ways its beauty and grandeur. But no description can give any idea of the strangeness and splen-

dour of the sight. The great size of the iceberg—for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference and several hundred feet in height,—its slow motion as its base rose and sank in the water; the dashing of the waves which, breaking high, lined it with white foam, the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the tumbling down of huge pieces, together with the nearness which added a slight element of fear, all combined to give the sight a character of sublime beauty.

J.-D. Dana (1813-1895).

B. S., Seine, juillet 1923.

The children of the sea.

After their own island, the sea is the natural home of Englishmen; we rove over the waters, for business or pleasure, as eagerly as our ancestors. Four fifths of the carrying trade of the world is done by the English. When we grow rich, our chief delight is a yacht. When we are weary with hard work, a sea voyage is our most congenial "retreat". On the ocean no post brings us letters which we are compelled to answer. No newspaper tempts us into reading the last night's debate in Parliament, or sends our attention wandering to the ends of the earth. The sea-breezes carry health upon their wings, and fan us at night into sweet dreamless sleep. Itself eternally young, the blue infinity of water teaches us to forget that we ourselves are old. For the time, we are beyond the reach of change—we live in the present; and the absence of distracting incidents, the sameness of the scene, and the uniformity of life on board ship, leave us leisure for reflection; we are thrown in upon our own thoughts, and can make up our accounts with our consciences.

J.-A. Froude (1818-1894).

B. E. P. S., Lille, juillet 1923.

The little chimney-sweep.

Once upon a time, there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. He lived in a great town in the North Country, where there are plenty of chimneys to sweep, and plenty of money for Tom to earn and his master to spend. He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. He cried when he had to climb the dark flues; and when the soot got into his eyes, and when he had not enough to eat. And he laughed the other half of the day when he was playing leap-frog over the posts or bowling stones at the horses' legs as they trotted by.

Ch. Kingsley (1819-1875).
(*The Water Babies.*)

B. S., Académie de Grenoble, octobre 1923.

The Globe Theatre.

The Globe Theatre, built for Shakespeare and his fellows, in 1599, may stand as a type of the London theatres. In the form of a hexagon outside, it was circular within and open to the weather, except above the stage. The play began at three o'clock. The nobles and ladies sat in boxes or in stools on the stage; the people stood in the pit or yard. The stage itself, strewn with rushes, was a naked room with a blanket for a curtain. Wooden imitations of animals, towers, woods, etc., were all the scenery used, and a board, stating the place of action, was hung out from the top when the scene changed. Boys acted the female parts. It was only after the Restoration that movable scenery and actresses were introduced.

Stopford Brooke, born 1832.

B. S., Seine, 1901.

Holly Lodge.

The house presented in perfection the two requisites for a writer's happiness : a library and a garden. The library was a spacious room. It was a warm and airy retreat in

winter, and in summer it afforded only too irresistible a temptation to step from among the book-shelves to a lawn whose unbroken slope of verdure was worthy of the country house of a lord. Nothing in the garden exceeded thirteen feet in height, but there was in abundance all that hollies, and laurels, and hawthorns, and bowers of roses, and groves of lilacs and laburnums could give of shade, and scent and colour. The charms of the spot were not thrown away upon its owner. " I remember no such May, Macaulay writes in 1857. It is delicious. The lilacs are now completely out, the laburnums almost completely. How I love my little paradise of shrubs and turf! All the countries through which I have travelled could not show such a carpet of soft, green herbage as mine. "

Trevelyan, born 1838.

B. E. P. S., Paris, juillet 1923.

A glimpse at Japanese life.

After a long day's shopping, we went to dine, in real Japanese fashion, at a Japanese tea-house. The establishment was kept by a very pleasant woman, who received us at the door and who herself removed our exceedingly dirty boots before allowing us to step on to her clean mats. The apartment we were shown into was so exact a type of a room in any Japanese house, that I may as well describe it once for all. The woodwork of the roof and the framework of the screens were all made of a handsome dark polished wood, not unlike walnut. The exterior walls under the verandah, as well as the partitions between the other rooms, were simply wooden lattice-work screens, covered with white paper, and sliding in grooves, so that you could walk in or out at any part of the wall you chose, and it was, in like manner, impossible to say whence the next comer would make his appearance.

Mrs. Brassey (1840-1887).
(*A voyage in the " Sunbeam ".*)

B. S., Académie d'Alger, juillet 1924.

French politeness.

The inns at Tours are in another quarter, and one of them, which is midway between the town and the station, is very good. It is worth mentioning for the fact that every one belonging to it is extraordinarily polite,—so unnaturally polite as at first to excite your suspicion that the hotel has some hidden vice, so that the waiters and chambermaids are trying to pacify you in advance. There was one waiter in especial who was the most accomplished social being I have ever encountered; from morning till night he kept up an inarticulate murmur of urbanity, like the hum of a spinning-top. I may add that I discovered no dark secrets at the *Hôtel de l'Univers*; for it is not a secret to any traveller to-day that the obligation to partake of a lukewarm dinner in an overheated room is as imperative as it is detestable.

Henry James, born 1843.
(*A little tour in France.*)

B. S., Académie de Grenoble, juillet 1924.

The smell of the forest.

Surely, of all smells in the world, the smell of many trees is the sweetest and most fortifying. The sea has a rude sort of odour, that takes you in the nostrils like snuff; but the smell of a forest, which comes nearest to this in tonic quality, surpasses it by many degrees in the quality of softness. Again, the smell of the sea has little variety, but the smell of a forest is infinitely changeful; it varies with the hour of the day not in strength merely, but in character; and the different sorts of trees, as you go from one zone of the wood to another, seem to live among different kinds of atmosphere. Usually the resin of the fir predominates; but some woods are more coquettish in their habits, and the heath of the forest of Mormal was perfumed with nothing less delicate than sweetbriar.

R.-L. Stevenson (1850-1894).
(*An Inland Voyage.*)

B. S., Académie de Toulouse, octobre 1923.

Pleasant memories.

Life altogether is but a crumbling ruin when we turn to look behind : a shattered column here, where a massive portal stood; the broken shaft of a window to mark my lady's bower; and a mouldering heap of blackened stones where the glowing flames once leaped, and over all the tinted lichen and the ivy clinging green.

For everything looms pleasant through the softening haze of time. Even the sadness that is past seems sweet. Our boyish days look very merry to us now, all nutting, hoops and gingerbread.

The snubbings and toothaches and the Latin verbs are all forgotten—the Latin verbs especially. And we fancy we were very happy when we were hobbledehoys and loved; and we wish that we could love again. We never think of the heartaches, or the sleepless nights, or the hot dryness of our throats, when she said she could never be anything to us but a sister—as if any man wanted more sisters!

Jerome K. JEROME, born 1858.
(*On memory.*)

B. S., Académie de Bordeaux, juillet 1924.

The law of the Jungle.

The law of the Jungle, which never orders anything without a reason, forbids every beast to eat Man except when he is killing to show his children how to kill, and then he must hunt outside the hunting-grounds of his pack or tribe. The real reason for this is that man-killing means, sooner or later, the arrival of white men on elephants, with guns, and hundreds of brown men with gongs and rockets and torches. Then everybody in the jungle suffers. The reason the beasts give among themselves is that Man is the weakest and most defenceless of all living things, and it is unsportsmanlike to touch him. They say too—and it is true—that man-eaters become mangy, and lose their teeth.

RUDYARD KIPLING, born 1865.

B. S., Académie de Poitiers, juillet 1923.

In danger.

Henry kept the fire brightly blazing. His two dogs stayed close by him, one on either side, leaning against him for protection, crying and whimpering, and at times snarling desperately when a wolf approached a little closer than usual. At such moments, when his dogs snarled, the whole circle would be agitated, the wolves coming to their feet and pressing forward, a chorus of snarls and eager yelps rising about him. Then the circle would be down again and here and there a wolf would resume its broken nap.

JACK LONDON (*White Fang*).

B. S., Académie de Clermont, juillet 1924.

Alfred the Great.

Alfred was only fifty-two when he died and, it is said, had fought more battles than there were years in his life; yet it is not on these that his fame chiefly rests. Unceasing labour for the welfare of his country engaged his later years, though he was suffering from ever-recurring attacks of a most painful and incurable malady. He thirsted for knowledge and he did not wish to keep it all to himself. The miseries of the Danish wars had caused its light to languish in England, so that even among the clergy great ignorance prevailed at the time of Alfred's accession. He encouraged learning in every way. He translated books from Latin into the language of his people; he attracted into his kingdom from every land men who could teach and instruct him, whether they were travellers or scholars.

B. S., Académie de Nancy, juillet 1924.

The last days of Sir Walter Scott.

On Monday he remained in bed and seemed extremely feeble, but, after breakfast, on Tuesday, he appeared revived somewhat, and was again wheeled about on the turf. Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and, after dozing for

perhaps half an hour, started awake, and, shaking the plaids we had put about him from off his shoulders, said : " This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room and fetch the keys of my desk. " He repeated this so earnestly that we could not refuse. His daughters went into his study, opened his writing-desk and laid paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk and he found himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said : " Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself. "

B. S., Seine, juillet 1924.

Christmas Day in London.

Christmas Day weather in London was soft and mild. Drizzling rain alternated with glimpses of sunshine and blue sky. A great calm possessed the Metropolis—the quietude being deeper even than that of the Sabbath—after the tumultuous roar of the streets in the preceding days of the week. The crowded and animated spectacle of a populace in an extravagant spending mood, seemingly bent on buying up everything that was for sale, and then struggling to get home with their purchases by congested trains and trams and omnibuses, gave place to shuttered shops, and a few untroubled and loitering pedestrians. The only shops that were open, even in the suburbs, were tobacconists', and these only for a few hours in the morning.

B. S., Académie de Lille, juillet 1923.

A prank.

Aunt Caroline nearly fainted when we came in, and it took her a quarter of an hour to compose herself sufficiently to hear the veracious story of our adventures. " We started ", said Margaret, " after dinner, to look at the sea. Tied to a

post, we found a delightful little boat, and, as there was no one there, we got into it, without wetting our feet much, and Claude managed to undo the rope which held it ."—"Good gracious ! " cried Aunt Caroline. " But we tried to row, " continued Margaret, " and we found that the oars were too heavy, and the boat got further and further from the shore, because the tide was going out. Claude said it would take us to France, which would be a regular adventure, but Bryan and I shouted for help. The man the boat belonged to came running down to the shore. I think he swore; at any rate he said a lot of strange words, but he waded in and brought the boat back to the shore. We thanked him very much, and apologized for taking his boat. He laughed, and said we had better run home. So, here we are. "

B. S., Académie de Caen, octobre 1923.

The lost spectacles.

The Rector of one on the largest parishes in the east of London calling one day on an old woman whom he had not seen at church for some time asked if she had a bible. " Do you take me for a heathen, sir, that you ask me such a question, " cried out the old woman, " most certainly I have one and I never allow a single day to pass without reading a chapter or so in it ." Then addressing a little boy eight or nine years old who was playing in a corner of the room : " Go and fetch my bible, " she said, " I want to show it to the gentleman; you know where it is, don't you? in the mahogany chest of drawers in the bed-room. " The bible was brought down carefully wrapped in a newspaper to preserve the binding and the old woman opening it cried out : " Oh ! sir how glad I am you spoke about the bible; here are my spectacles which I have been looking for these six months. "

B. S., Académie de Nancy, juillet 1924.

Normandy.

Normandy is full of interest. It is remarkable for varied outline of undulating hills waving with corn; for beautiful valleys abounding in orchards and traversed by winding rivers; for rich pastures in which large herds of cattle are reared; for lovely woodland scenery; and, above all, for venerable cities, noble cathedrals, abbeys and churches, scattered over the country; so that every village, in many parts of the province, possesses a fine specimen of ancient architecture. Parts of the upper country certainly form a flat, monotonous tableland; but in the joyous sunny slopes and winding dales of Lower Normandy, in its hedgerows, forests, thickets verdant with the foliage of the oak and elm, thatched cottages with picturesque gardens, frequent village spires, and chalk cliffs, an Englishman recognises with pleasure some features of his native soil.

B. S., Académie de Caen, juillet 1923.

The choice of books.

How shall you know what to read? A very important question, for some books will really injure if they do not destroy you; others will have no positive effect; but from all a tincture, like that left upon the mind by the company you keep, will remain.

Do not expect to read all, or even a small part of what comes out and is recommended in this age of books. You take up a book and read a chapter. How shall you know whether it is worth your reading without reading it through? In the same way that you would know whether a cask of wine was good. If you draw one glass or two, and find them stale and unpleasant, do you need to drink off the whole cask to decide that you do not want it? I have somewhat else to do, in the short day allotted to me, than to read whatever any one else may think it his duty to write.

B. S., Académie de Toulouse, juillet 1923.

The use and abuse of sports.

Nowhere are manly sports so popular and widespread as in England. An Englishman of the middle and higher classes goes on, even in his mature years, practising open-air games and giving his muscles fair play. Even under the scorching sun of India, English residents play foot-ball, cricket and polo. This tells much for the moral and physical welfare of the nation. Of course it may in many cases lead to some exaggeration, but we must not be blind to the many advantages which education derives from games, when practised as they ought to be; and every one will agree with a recent writer who says that " games are the hand-maid of lessons, a means of making you fit and fresh for work, a means of making boys straightforward and honest. Boys will generally play games in the right spirit if those who control them show in their own methods and conduct what that spirit is. "

B. S., Académie d'Aix, juillet 1923.

The psychology of artistic works.

The faults of a work of art are the faults of its workman, and its virtue his virtues.

Great art is the expression of the mind of a great man, and mean art, that of the want of mind of a weak man. A foolish person builds foolishly, and a wise one sensibly; a virtuous one, beautifully; and a vicious one, basely. If stone-work is well put together, it means that a thoughtful man has planned it, and a careful man cut it, and an honest man cemented it. If it has too much ornament, it means that its career was too greedy of pleasure; if too little, that he was rude, or stupid and the like. So that, when once you have learned how to spell these most precious of all legends—pictures and buildings—you may read the characters of men, and of nations, in their art, as in a mirror.

B. S., Seine, octobre 1923.

Home.

To English hearts, it is not necessary to expound elaborately the infinite meanings which cluster round that blessed expression " home ". Home is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self-defence, and where we pour out the unreserved communications of full, and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness and without any dread of ridicule. Let a man travel where he will, home is the place to which " his heart untravelled fondly turns ". He is to double all pleasure there. He is to divide all pain. A happy home is the single spot of rest which a man has upon this earth for the cultivation of his noblest sensibilities.

B. S., Académie de Lille, juillet 1924.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

19321-1-34

IMPRIMERIE DELAGRAVE
VILLEFRANCHE-DE-ROUERGUE
FRANCE